

NEWMAN'S OXFORD UNIVERSITY SERMONS

THE present Paper is intended to serve as a short Introduction to *Newman's Oxford University Sermons*.

These Sermons have been widely misunderstood by their modern critics, who, whether they judge of them favourably or otherwise, seem generally to fall into the common snare of reading them in the light of controversies of the present day and ignoring those of the age in which they were delivered. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that for an intelligent appreciation of their purpose and meaning one must travel back to the times when Dr. Ward was lecturing at St. Edmund's and editing the *Dublin Review*.

The dates of the Sermons should be noted. Nine were preached during the years 1826—1832, that is, before the Tractarian Movement. The remaining six belong to the years 1839—1843. It is hardly necessary to say that the Newman of pre-Tractarian days does not always adequately represent the Newman of 1839 and onwards.

In the title-page of the earlier editions the Sermons are described as being "chiefly on the Theory of Religious Belief." In other words, their chief topic is the relations between reason and religious belief or faith. But—and it is here that misunderstanding has been rife—the preacher was not concerned with what reason can do in the service of religious belief, for example, in a scientific treatise on the evidences for Natural or Revealed Religion; his purpose was to explore its workings in the faith of the great mass of believers who are not scientific reasoners.

There were in the contemporary Protestant World two antagonistic views concerning Faith and Reason. The first was that of the Evidential School,¹ which carried on the tradi-

¹ The name is borrowed from Mark Pattison's Essay, *The Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688—1760*. He describes it as the School of Lardner, Paley, and Whately. The name of Whately is significant when one recalls how Newman broke away from his influence. So strong an *evidentialist* was Whately that he insisted upon a manual of evidences, compiled by himself, being used as a text book in all the National Schools of Ireland, by Protestant and Catholic children alike.

tions of the eighteenth century, the "Age of Evidences," when, as Dr. Johnson complained, "the Apostles were tried once a week for the capital crime of forgery." The representatives of this School were great upon Natural Theology and Christian Evidences after the manner of Paley. They apparently held that just as it was the duty of every sound Protestant to be his own interpreter of the Scriptures, and believe no doctrine which he could not prove from them to his own satisfaction, so also was he bound to push personal inquiry further back, and convince himself of the truth of Christianity by a careful examination of the Evidences. "Indeed," to quote the words of one of their writers, "it is manifest that the only faith which God can value is a sincere conviction grounded upon diligent and impartial examination of evidence." There was no room in this system for the faith of a humble-minded believer yielded under the influence of reasons which he could not analyse or readily explain. It should be added that the writers of the school showed a leaning towards latitudinarianism in doctrine, much too pronounced for it to be the result of chance, even if its connection with their fundamental principles is obscure. At the opposite pole were many, perhaps the bulk, of the Evangelicals who detested the Evidential School both on account of its doctrinal laxity and its unspirituality.¹ Their view of the relations between Faith and Reason was quite a simple one. There were none. The spiritual man possessed an inward light, altogether supernatural, which enabled him to believe in and appropriate the promises of the Gospel, without any help from "carnal reasoning."

Newman did not concern himself much in the University pulpit with the last-named school. Those who heard him were not likely to come under its influence, and besides, "no sober mind can run into the wild notion that actually no proof at all is implied in the maintenance, or may be exacted for the profession of Christianity" (p. 199).

Against the Evidential School he appealed to Scripture and to experience.

If after all that is said about Faith in the New Testament, as

¹ Here Coleridge would have agreed with them. He complained in his *Notes on English Divines* of "the sad effects or results of the enslaving Old Bailey fashion of defending, or, as we may well call it, apologizing for Christianity—introduced by Grotius, and followed up by the modern Alogi, whose wordless, lifeless, spiritless scheme of belief it alone suits."

if it were what may be called a discovery of the Gospel, and a special divine method of salvation; if after all it turns out to be a believing upon evidence, or a sort of conclusion upon a process of reasoning, a resolve formed upon a calculation, the inspired text is not level to the understanding, or adapted to the instruction of the unlearned reader (p. 179).

Again, appealing to experience:

How many men, do we suppose, in a century, out of the whole body of Christians, have been primarily brought to belief, or retained in it by an intimate and lively perception of what are technically called the Evidences? And why are there so few? Because to the mind already familiar with the truths of Natural Religion, enough of evidence is at once afforded by the mere fact of the present existence of Christianity; which, in connection with its principles and upholders and effects, bears on the face of it the marks of a divine ordinance, in the very same way in which the visible world attests to us its divine origin, etc.¹ (p. 66).

The problem, then, as it presented itself to the mind of the preacher, may be summed up thus. On the one hand, both actual experience and the authority of Scripture seem to suggest that Reason has *normally* very little to do with faith. On the other hand, "unless we agree with enthusiasts that faculties altogether new are implanted in our minds, and *that perceptibly*, by the grace of the Gospel," faith cannot be unconnected with reason.

The solution of the problem, which can be gathered from the University Sermons, is as follows:

Faith with the great mass of believers is "mainly swayed" by antecedent probabilities or presumptions.² These make it content with less of positive evidence, or a less diligent inquiry into the positive evidence than would be required by a mind insensible to them. In this respect it is only following a natural law of our intelligence, prompting it to be quicker in yielding assent to what seems beforehand likely than to what seems unlikely. A strong presumption is like possession in law. It throws the burden of the proof on the opposing side.

¹ Added in a footnote in later editions: "That is, viewed in the light of *verisimilitudes* or 'the Notes of the Church.'"

² This is, of course, equally true of positive unbelief. The great mass of unbelievers have as little aptitude or ability for a laborious enquiry as the great mass of believers.

Further, the antecedent probabilities in question, being based upon the truths of Natural Religion, concerning which conscience is our great monitor, are accessible to all, however simple or uneducated they may be, and when they use them as first principles *they are employing their reason*.

Moreover, these antecedent probabilities will be active agents in a man's thoughts, influencing his mental outlook in proportion as he is attentive to the voice of his conscience. Now if an attention to this voice, such as will make the truths of Natural Religion real factors in his intellectual life, is not natural to fallen man, in the sense that it is not natural to him to be chaste, humble, ready to forgive injuries, and the like, and if such an attention is normally a condition of his being able to recognize the truth of Revealed Religion, it becomes easy to understand the praise bestowed in Scripture on readiness in believing, without supposing this readiness to be independent of reason.

Notwithstanding the great part assigned in the University Sermons to antecedent probabilities in providing a reasonable basis for faith, the preacher nevertheless insisted, especially in the later Sermons, that these by themselves were not sufficient. They must be confirmed by positive reasons. But since the great majority of persons, though they can and do reason effectively and well every day of their lives, are unable to analyse their reasoning and throw it into methodical form, it is necessary, if justice is to be done to their reasoning, to distinguish between explicit and implicit reason. Antecedent Probability and Implicit Reason may be regarded as the leading ideas of the University Sermons.

To begin with the antecedent probabilities which Natural Religion provides for Revealed. The following is a definition of Religion taken from the second of the University Sermons, "The Influence of Natural and Revealed Religion respectively"—"Religion is the system of relations existing between us and a Supreme Power, claiming our habitual obedience; 'the blessed and only Potentate, who alone hath immortality, dwelling in light inaccessible, whom no man hath seen.'"

Conscience is the witness to this *system of relations*, and, while men are without the blessing of an infallible revelation, practically their sole informant concerning it. But while conscience tells them much, it does not tell them enough, as they will most keenly and sorrowfully feel. It

insists upon their responsibilities to the Supreme Power "dwelling in light inaccessible," but leaves them to find out for themselves how to acquit themselves of these responsibilities. There is an incompleteness and indefiniteness in its teaching which forces upon the mind of those attentive to it, an anticipation that it is not God's last but His first word to them.

A defect or incompleteness in Natural Religion, upon which Newman constantly dwelt, is this—the voice of conscience is severe and even stern. It speaks openly of sin and indicates judgment. It is almost silent about the forgiveness of sin, and how to escape judgment. It compels a man to ask "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and hardly vouchsafes an answer.

Another defect is the uncertainty in which men often find themselves in distinguishing the voice of conscience from other voices, such as that of their own self-love and self-will, or from the opinions and judgments of those around them. Their conscience forces upon them the question "What shall I do to be saved?" without giving a clear reply.

In these and numerous other ways Natural Religion seems by its deficiencies designed to create the expectation of a Revelation which will complete its inchoate teachings.

Newman rated very high this antecedent probability of a Revelation:

It is difficult [he declares in the Grammar of Assent] to put a limit to its legitimate force. Some minds will feel it to be so powerful, as to recognize in it almost a proof, without direct evidence, of the divinity of a religion claiming to be the true, supposing its history and doctrine are free from positive objection, and there be no rival religion with plausible claims of its own. Nor ought this presumption to seem strange to those who are so confident on *a priori* grounds . . . that the course of nature is never crossed by miraculous agency. Anyhow, very little positive evidence seems to be necessary when the mind is penetrated by the strong anticipation which I am supposing.

To pass on to the distinction between implicit and explicit reason. It first comes to the fore in the Sermons, "The Nature of Faith in Relation to Reason" and "Implicit and Explicit Reason," delivered in 1839 and 1840 respectively. It was not, of course, altogether new to the preacher, but about this time he seems to have realized more distinctly

than heretofore its bearing upon the two subjects which were very much in his thoughts, viz., (1) the part which reason plays in the faith of the ordinary man, and (2) the development of Christian doctrine.

In 1869, Dr. Ward wrote in the *Dublin Review* an article under the title of "Explicit and Implicit Reason" (reprinted in *Essays on Theism*, Vol. II.), in which he took over Newman's teaching whole and entire, making it his own by the characteristic energy of his enunciation of it and the extreme importance that he claimed for it.

The following are the chief points insisted upon by both men:

1. The process of reasoning, and the process of investigating reasoning, are as distinct as the genius of a poet who achieves the sublime, and the art of a Longinus who writes a treatise upon it.

All men reason, for to reason is nothing more than to gain truth from former truth, without the intervention of sense, to which brutes are limited; but all men do not reflect upon their own reasonings, much less truly and accurately so as to do justice to their own meaning; but only in proportion to their abilities and attainments. In other words all men have a reason, but not all men can give a reason. We may denote these two exercises of mind as reasoning and arguing, or as conscious and unconscious reasoning, or as Implicit Reason and Explicit Reason (Newman, p. 258).

To reason correctly, is to be led through holding certain premisses, to hold a certain conclusion which legitimately follows from these premisses. But to *argue* quite correctly involves a great deal more; it involves that you shall *analyze* your process of reasoning; that you shall *reflect* on what has gone on in your mind; that you shall enumerate quite exhaustively, and express quite accurately the various premisses on which you have relied. And nothing is more easily supposable—we imagine few things are in fact commoner, than that the better reasoner may be the worse arguer (Ward).

2. Even with those who are most capable of reflecting upon and analysing their reasoning the explicit reason is generally incapable of overtaking the implicit.

It is hardly too much to say, that almost all reasons adduced in moral inquiries *are rather specimens and symbols of the real*

grounds than those grounds themselves. They do but approximate to a representation of the general character of the proof which the writer wishes to convey to another's mind. *They cannot, like mathematical proof, be passively followed,* with an attention confined to what is stated, and with the admission of nothing but what is urged. Rather, they are hints towards, and samples of the true reasoning; and demand an active, ready, candid, and docile mind, which *can throw itself into what is said,* neglect verbal difficulties, and pursue and carry out principles.¹

3. Men as a rule are good reasoners; when they are in earnest their conclusions will generally prove to be the logical outcome of their initial assumptions, but they are bad arguers, and consequently,

if any one sets about examining his neighbours' opinions, *if he measures their grounds merely by the reasons which they produce, he will have no difficulty in holding them up to ridicule or even censure,* [nevertheless,] the experience of life contains abundant evidence that *in practical matters when their minds are really sound, men commonly are not bad reasoners.* Men do not mistake where their interest is concerned, they have an instinctive sense in which direction their path lies towards it, and how they must act consistently with self-preservation, or self-aggrandisement, and so in the case of questions in which party spirit or political opinion, or ethical spirit is concerned, *men have a surprising sagacity, often unknown to themselves, in finding their own place.* However remote the point in connection between the point in question and their own creed, or habits, or feelings, the principles which they profess guide them unerringly to their legitimate issues. . . . All this shows that in spite of the inaccuracy of expression or, if you will, in thought which prevails, in the world, *men on the whole do not reason incorrectly.* If their reason itself were in fault, they would reason each in his own way: whereas they *form into schools,* and that not merely from imitation and sympathy, but certainly from *internal compulsion,* from the *constraining influence* of their several principles. They may argue badly, but they reason well; that is, their professed grounds are not sufficient measure of their real ones.²

A word may here be said on Ward's intellectual relations with Newman. Probably nine persons out of ten would say that Ward's indebtedness to Newman was that Newman first made him a Tractarian and then a Catholic; but the debt was a greater one. "I was," says Ward, "enmeshed in the

¹ Newman, p. 275, quoted by Ward: the italics are Ward's.

² Newman, pp. 209—212: the italics are Ward's.

toils of a false philosophy, which could have had no other legitimate issue except a further and further descent towards the gulf of utter infidelity. From this thralldom the one human agency which affected my deliverance was J. H. Newman's teaching. My deliverance was wrought, not merely through the truth and depth (as I consider) of those philosophical principles which he inculcated; but also through the singular large mindedness whereby he was able to make those principles both intelligible and attractive" (Introduction to *Nature and Grace*). After the conversion of the two men the story of Ward's differences from Newman on sundry ecclesiastical questions has eclipsed the memory of his agreement with him on more fundamental matters. The salient points of this agreement were:

1. The importance of justifying the faith of the unlearned against the plausible objection that such persons have no right to an opinion of their own. In the University Sermons the question was belief in Revealed Religion. Ward applied the principles of these Sermons to belief in Natural Religion.
2. The distinction between implicit and explicit reasoning.
3. Men do, as a rule, reason well from the first principles with which they start, however illogically they express themselves.
4. Conscience or, to use Ward's words, "that moral voice within man's breast, which is ever testifying the necessary and eternal distinction between right and wrong," is the great exponent of the truths of Natural Religion.

Ward was a philosopher writing for philosophers. In consequence, in his hands the argument from conscience becomes a technical and philosophical one. With Newman it never loses the form in which it might be supposed to influence the mind of an ordinary man.

To return to the University Sermons. It must not be supposed that the preacher denied the objective worth of the Evidences because he thought that as a matter of fact they were very rarely the means through which faith was obtained:

Careless persons may be startled by them, as they might be startled by a miracle, which is no condition of believing, notwithstanding. Again, they often serve as a test of honesty of mind; their rejection being the condemnation of unbelievers. Again religious persons sometimes get perplexed and lose their way; are

harassed by objections; see difficulties which they cannot surmount; are a prey to subtlety of mind or over-anxiety. Under these circumstances the varied proofs of Christianity will be a stay, a refuge, an encouragement, a rallying point for Faith, a gracious economy; and even in the case of the most established Christian they are a source of gratitude and reverent admiration and a means of confirming faith and hope (p. 199).

In a footnote, quoted above, which was added in later editions of the Sermons, the Notes of the Church are mentioned as evidences for Revealed Religion, accessible to those not in a position to investigate "what are technically called the Evidences."

Every one familiar with Catholic life in this country will recognize that the Notes do perform the part here assigned to them. Take those of Catholicity and Unity. Every Catholic, whether educated or uneducated, has experience derived from facts with which he is daily brought into contact, all pointing to a conclusion so obvious that he may be unconscious that he is inferring it, viz., that the idea of an international or universal Church is almost the last one which unaided human reason would be likely to realize. And the ordinary Catholic shows that he feels this whenever the Catholicity of the Church is brought home to him in some way just a little out of the common. Perhaps he strays into a church in one of our large cities and sees an old woman saying her Rosary or making the Stations. There is something in her look or dress which excites his curiosity. He finds out that she is from Poland and cannot speak a word of English. His family will be sure to hear of this little experience when he gets home. Or, to reverse the picture, he goes abroad for the first time. He will be nearly certain when he returns to let out how he almost wondered to find himself at home in foreign churches.

The influence of the Note of Sanctity upon the judgment of the ordinary believer is probably the deepest, and just because it is so deep the hardest to formulate. In a passage in the Grammar of Assent the author tries to delineate what he supposes might be the workings of the mind of some devout but quite uneducated Catholic:

The Catholic Church is true because it has about it an odour of truth and sanctity *sui generis*, as perceptible to my moral nature as flowers to my sense, such as can only come from Heaven (p. 212).

Let us, like Tertullian, appeal to the *Testimonium Animæ*. Transfer these words to the pages of a modern novel, and suppose them used by the author, presumably himself not a Catholic, to describe the mentality of one of his characters who is a Catholic. Their fitness will pass unquestioned. They will be taken as a proof of the author's power of entering into minds other than his own. But suppose he used similar words in his description of a member of some non-Catholic communion his readers would at once feel that he was indulging in a satirical vein at the expense of good taste.

No English Catholic can fail to recognize that the feeling of her holiness with which his own Church inspires him is something *sui generis*. He soon learns from mixing with his Protestant neighbours that their communions do not inspire even the most serious-minded of their adherents with kindred sentiments.

A further mark of the Church is her vitality. "It was the first, and they say it will be the last" was, the present writer has been told, a kind of oracular utterance common among the poor when the ancient religion was spoken of. But this presentiment was not shared by the governing classes. Less than a century ago, when Catholic Emancipation was passed, one of the arguments used by those in favour of the measure was in effect this, "The Catholic Church is dying: for the sake of our common humanity let her die in peace." Within less than ten years the Catholic revival, celebrated by Macaulay in his *Essay on the Popes*, was in full vigour. The reader, it may be assumed, has read Macaulay, and Newman's *Second Spring*, together with his tenth *Lecture on Anglican Difficulties*. But has he ever thought of comparing the two, and the joint testimony they both bear, to what those who witnessed the French Revolution expected?

The following is Macaulay, born in 1800:

It is not strange that in the year 1799, even sagacious observers should have thought that at length the hour of the Church of Rome was come. . . . But the end was not yet. Again doomed to die, the milk-white Hind was fated not to die. . . . The Arabs have a fable that the Great Pyramid was built by antediluvian kings, and alone, of all the works of man, bore the weight of the flood. Such as this was the fate of the Papacy. It had been buried under the great inundation; but its deep foundations had remained unshaken; and, when the waters abated, it

appeared alone among the ruins of the world which had passed away.

This is Newman, born in 1801:

So closed the last century upon the wondering world: and for years it wondered on; wondered what should be the issue of the awful portent which it witnessed. . . . The Church disappeared before its eyes as by a yawning earthquake, and men said it was a fulfilment of the prophecies, and they sang a hymn, and went to their long sleep, content and with a *Nunc Dimittis* in their mouths; for now at length had an old superstition been wiped off from the earth, and the Pope had gone his way. And other powers, Kings, and the like, disappeared too, and nothing was to be seen (*Ang. Diff.*, p. 327).

The vitality of the Church goes counter to all our experience of human nature and human institutions. Looked at merely in this light it is a moral miracle. But when taken in connection, as it is by every catechized Catholic, with such promises as "Behold I am with you all days," or "The Gates of Hell shall not prevail against the Church," it becomes more than a moral miracle.

"Everybody," says Aristotle, "is competent to judge the things which he understands, and is a good judge of them." The point submitted to the experience of the reader is that the notes and vitality of the Church, viewed as evidences of the truth of Revelation, are matters upon which the ordinary Catholic is competent to exercise his judgment, and does so, though very likely more often than not unconsciously or *implicitly*.¹

Again and again did Dr. Ward insist upon the importance of what may be regarded as *the* subject of the University Sermons and the Grammar of Assent. He did not think it enough to take the faith of any given "labourer, or farmer, or tradesman, or even hunting country gentleman" out of their hands and prove it to be true, if it can be asserted that whether true or untrue they do not hold it by a legitimate use of their reason. Perhaps the importance of the subject will be realized from a point of view quite unsuspected by

¹ The above remarks only touch upon the fringe of a large subject. Those interested in it should consult Dr. Ward's article, "Certitude in Religious Assent" (*Dublin Review*, April, 1871; reprinted in *Philosophy of Theism*, Vol. II.), in which he treats of "Evidences of Theism accessible to all Men," and "Evidences of Catholicity possessed by the most uneducated Catholics." The article was a review of the Grammar of Assent.

Dr. Ward. The trend of educational science, the stress which is laid upon the study of psychology by teachers, in order that they may understand the minds of their pupils, points to a time when the importance of studying the normal ways in which the truth of Natural and Revealed Religion appeals to the intelligence of ordinary men and women will be realized. If this time comes, the University Sermons, the Grammar of Assent, and Dr. Ward's Essays, will be found to be the only available text-books. The material provided by them might, no doubt, be popularized and adapted to the needs of modern readers. But original work would be better; and so perhaps a New Grammar of Assent may some day take its place among Manuals of Catholic Philosophy.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

IN the dialogue of Plato, which is named after Timæus, an adept in the system of philosophy and astronomy held by the disciples of Pythagoras, the author sets forth his views as to the nature of the Universe. These views were founded upon a belief in the nebular theory, and the gradual evolution of the material Universe from an original formless, irregular and chaotic mass. As an introduction to the exposition of his thesis, Timæus addresses Socrates in the following words:¹

"All men, Socrates, who have any degree of right feeling do this at the beginning of any enterprise, great or small—they always call upon the gods. And we, too, who are going to discourse of the nature of the universe, whether created or uncreated, if we be not altogether out of our wits, must invoke and pray the gods and goddesses that we may say all things in a manner pleasing to them and consistent with ourselves."

The contrast with many modern works which treat of natural science is glaring. They deal with the marvellous works of God, and entirely ignore their Creator. Is it not rather the fashion to personify Nature, to write her with a capita! N, to descant on her marvels, to utter rhapsodies in her honour? And verily it is unbecoming that we Christians should have need to be taught our duty in this respect by the very pagans. And so before we enter upon any discussion of a sublime speculation in the domain of natural science, as to the mode, namely, in which God Almighty formed the system which is controlled and governed by the sun, we make our act of faith and acknowledgment of Him, as Creator and Ruler of the heavens and of the earth, and of all things contained therein, and following the example of Timæus, we make our invocation to the One True God. "To which," to quote him yet again, "I add an exhortation to myself, that I may set forth this high argument in the manner which will be most intelligible to you, and will most accord with my own intent."

Had He so willed, God might have created the sun and the members of our planetary system in the state in which

¹ *The Dialogues of Plato*, translated by Jowett, Vol. II., p. 523.

they are at present, and in which, so far as observation goes, they have been maintained throughout the whole period of historical time. But a universal tradition has existed, even in the earliest ages of culture and civilization, that the world, meaning by this generic term our system of planets with their central sun, was formed from primeval elements, which were scattered, without order or arrangement, throughout the firmament. The idea of a gradual evolution of a nebula into planets is not the monopoly of modern scientific thought. What it can justly lay claim to is the advancing of certain hypotheses or speculations, founded upon exact observation, as to the possible modes of such formation.

"Chaos" is the term used by some of the classical authors, as indicative of a primitive state of confusion and disorder. Lucretius had even advanced a theory of the fortuitous clashing together of atoms, to account for the gradual aggregation of the materials of the sun, the earth, the moon, and the fixed stars. The same tradition is to be found among the Christian writers and doctors of the earlier centuries.¹ According to this tradition, which appears, among others, in the writings of Athenagoras, St. Hippolytus, St. Theophilus, St. Basil, St. Ephrem, and St. Ambrose, matter was originally created in an elementary state, and this unformed mass was moreover one, and not multiple. Origen and his school, with St. Augustine, agree on this point with the writers above named. Again, we find almost perfect accord among these Christian writers as well as from Tatian to Hugh of St. Victor, and through Peter Lombard to St. Bonaventure, as representatives of different schools of exegetical writers, that the sun, the moon, and the stars were at first all involved in this universally-diffused mass. The exposition of such views as given in the works of St. Gregory of Nyssa, who flourished in the fourth century, is very remarkable. We may quote one or two passages from his works. Commenting on Genesis i. 2, which reads in our version of Holy Scripture:

the earth was void and empty [he says²]. It is indeed written that "the earth was invisible and uncomposed" (*ἀκατασκεύαστος*),

¹ *Origine du Monde d'après la tradition*, par l'Abbé Motais.

² Migne, P.G., Vol. 44, col 78, litt C.D., coll 78—79, litt D.A., col 79, lit A. For the acceptance of Evolution by the early tradition of the Church, see de Dorlodot's *Darwinisme et l'Orthodoxie Catholique*, discussed in THE MONTH for February.

so that from this it should be clear that all things were disposed in potency in the first creative act of God, as a seminal force for the procreation of all things; but none of them was at that time realized. The earth was "*inanis et vacua*," as if it should be said, it was, and it was not, since its properties were not as yet united in the manner to render it concrete.

And again:

Hence in the sum total of the first foundations of the world, among other existing things was the earth. But it was in expectancy of what may be called its birth, by the combination of its multiple properties; for in calling it "*invisible*," the Scripture shows that none of its properties were apparent, and in calling it "*uncomposed*" it shows that it had not as yet become a concrete body, by the reunion of its physical properties.

Thus St. Gregory of Nyssa appears to have forestalled Laplace by fourteen centuries, in the central idea of his cosmogony, which is the formation of the solar system from a diffused mass of primitive nebular matter.

The hypothesis of Laplace is founded upon a physical basis, relating to certain concordances,¹ which exist among the planets, and which indubitably prove that they are members of one closely-related family. In fact, we cannot but recognize, in the connected movements of the bodies of the system, the working out of a common physical law.

According to Kepler's first law the planets move round the sun in elliptical orbits, the sun being at the focus of the ellipses. But these foci are almost at the centre of the elliptical paths, which consequently differ very little from orbits that are circular. Again, if we consider the directions of the movements of the planets, they all spin on their axes in the same direction, namely, from west to east. Supposing that the direction of rotation in any individual planet is indifferent, the chances against the eight planets of our system rotating in the same direction is two hundred and fifty-five to one. More than this, the planets not only turn on their axes in the same direction, which direction is that also of the rotation of the sun upon his axis, but they all revolve round the sun in a direction, identical with the common direction of rotation. And here, besides the eight great planets, we must take into account the 1,000 little planets,

¹ For a fuller treatment of these concordances, see "*The Planetary Relations*," *THE MONTH*, p. 481, June, 1917.

or asteroids, which are situated between the orbits of Mars, and of Jupiter. In this case the chances against them all revolving in the same direction may be reckoned as several quadrillions to one. This concordance is an overwhelming proof of their intimate connection one with another, and of the operation of some physical law, common to them all.

The fundamental plane to which all the movements in the solar system are referred, is that of the ecliptic, or the plane containing the orbit of the earth round the sun. Now the planes of the planetary orbits are inclined at very small angles to that of the ecliptic, the greatest inclination of any plane being that of the path of Mercury, which is only seven degrees. Here again we have an indication of the closeness of the connection which exists among the members of the planetary family.

The axis of the ecliptic at its north pole points to a spot in the sky situated in the constellation of the Dragon. Similarly we could designate the spots in the sky among the stars which would mark the positions of the poles of the orbital planes of the other planets. Professor Plummer has demonstrated the existence of three approximate empirical laws to which the configuration of the planes of the major planets conform. In the first place the poles of the planes lie three by three on five lines, or in other words, the orbital planes are concurrent, three by three. Secondly, the pole of each orbit, with the exception of that of Neptune, lies on two of these five lines. And thirdly, on each line are found the poles of the planes of the orbits of two adjacent planets. It is difficult to believe that this remarkable configuration is a chance arrangement, which happens to be so approximately true at the present time. At the least it is another indication of the closeness of the bonds that bind the planets together.

Another curious empirical law, which also is approximately true, is one that concerns the relative distances of the planets from the sun. Let us take as the unit of distance that of the earth from the sun, which for the sake of convenience may be represented by the number 10, made up as follows: $4+3 \times 2$. Proceeding outwards let us replace the 2, by successive powers of 2, until for Neptune we have $4+3 \times 2^7$, which equals 388. Now let us reckon from the earth inwards towards the sun. For Venus we write $4+3$, and for Mercury 4. The result is the following series of numbers,

designating the relative distances of the planets from the sun, in terms of that of the distance of the earth from the sun. For Mercury 4, for Venus 7, for Earth 10 the chosen unit, for Mars 16, for the asteroids a mean distance represented by 28, for Jupiter 52, for Saturn 100, for Uranus 196, and for Neptune 388. Except in the case of Neptune, where the approximation breaks down, these numbers represent, almost exactly, the relative distances of the planets from the sun. This law was discovered by Titius, and promulgated by Bode. By showing the gap which existed between Mars and Jupiter, it led indirectly to the discovery of the asteroids. Also, when Uranus was discovered, its distance from the sun was seen to be almost exactly the number assigned, in terms of the distance of the earth from the sun, in the above scheme. This extraordinary relation between the relative distances of the planets must have some physical basis, which at present is unknown to us.

With some of these concordances before him, Laplace enunciated his famous nebular hypotheses as to the mode of the origin of the solar system. He supposed that an intensely heated mass of gas once extended from the position of the sun to a distance beyond the confines of the present solar system. The different portions of this nebulous mass had in the beginning diverse motions of their own. But each and every particle of matter mutually attracting and being attracted, the formless mass of independently moving atoms finally resolved itself into an immense globe of highly rarefied gas, with a motion of rotation about a central axis. Such a rotation would inevitably result in a flattening at the poles in the gaseous globe. The ultimate form would be that of a lens-shaped nebula, elongated in the direction of the major axis. We have already noticed the concordance in the directions of the rotations and of the revolutions of the planets, and the almost identity of planes of the planetary orbits. The gas was at first expanded by heat, but condensation took place owing to radiation at its surface. This entailed a quickening of the speed of rotation, in consequence of a well-known law in mechanics, called "the conservation of the moment of momentum," which demands that the amount of rotatory energy in any system should be always constant. For in the motion of the mass about the central axis three factors are involved, the mass, the angular velocity, and the distance squared from the axis. If con-

traction takes place, and the distance from the axis be diminished, the mass remaining constant, the rotational velocity of the particle must be increased, to maintain the constancy of the product. Laplace supposed, that as the mass cooled and contracted towards its centre under the gravitational pull, the centrifugal force, owing to its rapid rotation, became so great, that the edges of the lenticular mass successively ceased to be continuous with the parent mass, and were in turn abandoned as rings. These rings would, as imagined by Laplace, break into fragments, and their materials would coalesce about the denser portions to form globes. The same process would be applicable to the newly-formed and highly-attenuated gaseous globes, which would themselves, in their turn, become the parents of their moons.

Plateau performed a laboratory experiment which renders verisimilitude to Laplace's hypothesis. A mass of olive oil was suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water, from which, when submitted to rapid rotation, rings were detached which broke up into globules. Laplace appealed to the example of the rings of the planet Saturn as furnishing evidence of the truth of his hypothesis. We may notice, however, that had the rings detached from the rotating nebula remained as near to the primeval mass, as the rings of Saturn are to their primary, they could never have been condensed and aggregated into globes. As M. Roche, of Montpellier, and Clerk Maxwell mathematically demonstrated, the rings of Saturn are composed of myriads of minute particles, and exist within such limits of distance from the planet, that the action of tidal forces would break up and scatter the contents of any solid globe that should be found within these limits. The divisions in the rings are also due, as has been recently demonstrated by Dr. Goldsborough,¹ to the clearing action of the satellites of Saturn. They are not, therefore, the product of successive separations of rings of matter from a rotating gaseous mass.

Again, as we have seen, the angular momentum of any rotating system remains constant. Accordingly Babinet pointed out, in 1861, that even if the whole angular momentum of the solar system were concentrated in the sun, at its present density, it would be insufficient for breaking up into rings. In fact, it would possess less than a quarter

¹ *Philosophical Transactions, R.S., Vol. 222. A*

of the angular momentum required, to reach the breaking strain, in its primeval form.

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, held in February, 1922, the gold medal of the Society was presented to Dr. J. H. Jeans, primarily, among other researches, for his mathematical investigations in celestial mechanics and cosmogony. Dr. Jeans has studied, by an elaborate and profound mathematical analysis, the conditions of stability of rotating gaseous masses, and the modes in which such masses would break up under the action of impressed forces. He writes:¹

But, after allowing for all imperfections, we have a tolerably complete knowledge, so far as the main outlines are concerned, of the whole change of configurations, which will be assumed in time by the rotating, shrinking mass of Laplace, and on this chain there does not appear to be any room for the solar system.

His objections to the validity of the Laplacian cosmogony, so far as the formation of the planets is concerned, are succinctly stated as follows:² "First, the present momentum of the system fixes a limit to the density near the edge of the primeval nebula, and this density is so low that matter thrown off from the edge could not condense into planets." We have seen that the product mass, angular velocity, distance squared from the axis must be constant. Mass varies directly as the product of the volume and the density. Consequently, if the volume of the mass of the sun and the planets was originally very great, the density must have been very small. We may neglect the mass of the planets and their satellites as being insignificant, being less than one-seventh per cent of the total mass, the sun taking more than ninety-nine and six-sevenths of one hundred parts.

"Secondly," says Dr. Jeans, "the only form of rotational energy which is applicable to our system postulates matter being thrown off continuously and slowly, and the matter would be ejected so slowly that it could not condense." The sun, at his present density, takes between 25 and 26 days to turn on his axis. Neptune, the furthest planet from the sun, takes 165 years to perform one revolution around its primary. The uncondensed matter of the primitive nebula, extending, as it is supposed, beyond the orbit of Neptune,

¹ *Nature*, July 7, 1921.

² *Monthly Notices, R.A.S.*, January, 1917.

must have revolved still more slowly. "Thirdly," continues Dr. Jeans, even if these objections were not valid, and matter had condensed, the masses formed would have been much greater than the planets of our system." Nevertheless, the medallist's statement with regard to the origin of the solar system, as imagined by Laplace, is a very cautious one, namely, that "it is probable, but by no means certain, that we must abandon the theory of Laplace."¹

What hypothesis would he substitute in its place? An hypothesis founded upon the action of tidal forces, and the consequent disruption of the primeval mass of gas, due to the chance very close approach of some large star in the distant past. This action would have resulted in a stream of matter being drawn out from the equator. Such a stream would have been in a condition of unstable equilibrium, and might have condensed into nuclei at its centre and at its ends. The gravitational action of the passing star would have caused the condensations to have described elliptic orbits, and so they would not have fallen back into the sun. The condition of the sun, when the planets were born, was that of a gaseous mass with high central condensation. The smallness of the masses of the planets, as compared with that of the sun, is an indication that the original condition of the sun was such as is here supposed. This is quite a different state of the primeval mass from that imagined by Laplace. If we consider the masses of the planets, we notice that those of the middle planets of the system, Jupiter and Saturn, are far greater than those of the other six planets. This is just what would have happened in the formation of the planets, on Dr. Jeans's hypothesis, in the condensation which would have taken place in the stream of matter ejected from the equatorial regions of the primeval sun, by the tidal action of the passing large star. The hypothesis also demands that the parent mass of gas should have been lenticular in form with sharp edges. This supposition squares with that of Laplace, and is sufficiently confirmed by the concordance in the planes of the planetary orbits. But instead of the breaking up of a great volume of tenuous gas by rotation, there is substituted the tidal action of a passing star upon a mass of gas considerably condensed at its centre.

Considering the vastness of the celestial spaces, and the

¹ *The Observatory*, p. 67, March, 1922.

great distances that separate individual stars, so far as we know them, the occasions on which stars will approach very close together must be extremely rare. Consequently, planetary systems such as our own, if the theory of formation advocated by Dr. Jeans is correct, must be very uncommon. Of course it would be impossible, even with the most powerful telescopes, to actually observe planets revolving around the stars, so immense are their distances from our earth. But so far as telescopic and spectroscopic researches go, the usual mode of formation of suns would seem to be by the fissure of a primeval mass of gas into two parts. The very great prevalence of binary stars lends countenance to this view. It is also theoretically and mathematically sound, as proved by further researches of Dr. Jeans.

Finally, although there exist such grave difficulties to the acceptance of Laplace's theory of the origin of the solar system, it would seem to be entirely consistent with the formation of a whole system of suns, such as our Galaxy, from a primitive revolving nebula, probably spiral in form. It would thus only have been displaced as a theory of cosmogony of a comparatively puny system, to be raised to the pinnacle of honour, as a plausible explanation of the origin of hundreds of millions of suns.

A. L. CORTIE.

"THE UNDER-WORLD"

JESSICA was of the under-world; so was Sandy; so, as a matter of fact, was the Odd Girl. At least, she had a peculiar devotion to the "under-dog," who lives in the under-world of the slums, so that really she might be considered of the under-world too. Sandy was tortoiseshell and had the most aggressive whiskers for his size the Odd Girl had ever seen, and that was saying a lot, for she had seen many, many stray kittens in her frequent journeys to the under-world. Poor little strayed Sandy! He couldn't have been more than four weeks old and the heart of the Odd Girl went out to him, for was he not lost, and dirty and hungry? Jessica's heart, too, went out to him evidently, for her grimy little hand went out furtively and stroked his dingy little back, and an almost tender look came into her hard, black eyes and white, thin-lipped little face, when the tip of Sandy's little red tongue came out and licked the Odd Girl's hand. Jessica was sent for milk. Off she went like a flash, and before the Odd Girl knew she had gone, she was back again and pouring some into the lid of the pitcher. The Odd Girl put Sandy down on his four little paws, and held the lid in front of him. With tail erect, he licked every drop of milk, and then every drop in the re-filled lid. She lifted him up then in her arms and he purred like an aeroplane—a terrific noise for such a very small kitten. Jessica stood and watched in perfect silence and all her being seemed centred in those two black eyes.

"You should take the kitten home, Jessica," the Odd Girl said.

There was no answer.

"Would your mother let you keep it?"

"I wouldna ask her," said Jessica. "Besides, she's no my mother."

"Oh," said the Odd Girl, "I didn't know that. Haven't you got a mother, Jessica dear?"

"No, I never had no mother," said Jessica, with the calm assurance of twelve years, lived in the under-world of poverty and vice, "nor no a father either. *She's* just a woman I live with."

The Odd Girl gasped, and the tears came into her gentle eyes. They always did, when she met the innocents of the

under-world, and Jessica was one of these, for in the wonderful ways of the Moderns she was called "mentally deficient," and one of the "unfit."

"She's no cruel, though," continued Jessica, with her black shining eyes on the morsel of fur, with the extensive whiskers.

"Well, here you are then," said the Odd Girl, holding out the surfeited kitten to her. But Jessica drew back and placed her grimy little hands behind her. "No," she said firmly, "I'm no takin' nae kittens, for I would get to love it, and then it would die or something, and I would be cryin' like to break my heart. I once kent a baby and I used to take it out and nurse it, and I liked it fine, and it died. Whenever you like anything, it aye dies."

What a bitter philosophy for twelve years of age! How hard must Circumstance have been to inculcate it in Jessica's feeble brain!

Now, the Odd Girl had a friend who was very clever and who was rapidly becoming a distinguished doctor. He was so clever that he was a Super-Eugenist, and he said that in the interests of the community all the Jessicas and Sandys should be exterminated—they should not be allowed to live. Sometimes, the Odd Girl did not understand him—he was so clever and she wasn't. She only loved all hurt and suffering things and wanted to help, and the Super-Eugenist told her that that was so silly, for nine times out of ten it was the greatest charity to let them die. He was, in fact, an advocate of the Lethal Chamber. But then the Super-Eugenist was so remarkably clever and the Odd Girl of course wasn't. When he said very clever things which he read in his magnificent books about the justice of exterminating the feeble-minded and the weak, and the necessity of segregation, she, of course, couldn't answer him. She used merely to quote words like these:

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea.
There's a kindness in God's justice
Which is more than liberty.
For the love of God is greater
Than the measure of man's mind
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Of course that wasn't a clever answer at all! So, she didn't tell Jessica that the baby was better dead, for it would have been a nuisance, or that Sandy had better be taken

away and drowned, for he would probably breed disease. She stroked the dingy fur of the little sleeping kitten before she put him into Jessica's reluctant little hands, and she said: "Be kind to him, Jessica, and ask our Lord to let you keep him."

"Yes, I'll ask Him hard," and irrelevantly, "I'll cry my cat Sandy," said Jessica.

But then she wasn't clever either!

Jessica sat on the edge of the hot pavement crotcheting, with a malformed crotchet-hook, a square shawl composed of odd bits of highly-coloured wool, and in the intervals of crotcheting, watching Sandy, who was, as Jessica termed it, "cleaning himself" in the sunshine. She loved Sandy, and more than that, she respected him, since she had discovered that on his back he had the markings of a cross. To Jessica that cross meant much, for the Odd Girl had told her such a lot of things and she was pining to show her the cross on Sandy's back. But the Odd Girl had not been near the under-world for many days, and as the hot, airless days wore on, Jessica kept adding to her prayers: "And, if you please, send her to see me, for I'm wearyin' to see her."

Suddenly, Sandy stopped his operations, put his ears back, and was all alert. Jessica put down her crotcheting and stood up, for there across the street had stopped a motor-cycle, and from it descended the Super-Eugenist. Jessica, of course, didn't know he was a Super-Eugenist. Even if she had been told it would have conveyed nothing to her. But she had seen him in the under-world before, and she knew he was the Odd Girl's friend, so she darted across and clutched his arm.

As he looked down on the white face of the child an on-looker might have noticed that his keen face was as white as hers, and very worn, and that his grey eyes were much less steely and more human than usual. "Where is she?" said Jessica. "I havena seen her for a long, long time, and I want to show her Sandy's cross."

"She is very ill," said the Super-Eugenist sternly; "here is a shilling for your little brother."

Jessica looked at the coin in her hand, but she still clutched his arm. "I hav'na nae wee brothers," she said, wonderingly.

"But you said Sandy," he said crossly; "who the dickens is Sandy?"

Jessica grinned.

"He's my cat," she said, and put up her face fondly to Sandy, who was perched on her shoulder by this time. He took such an interest in everything, Sandy did.

The Super-Eugenist looked more irritated than ever, but he said: "Yes, she's very ill. Have you ever heard of Typhoid Fever?"

Jessica nodded. She and Sandy were always in the first row watching the vans bearing away the straight, still forms on stretchers out of the densely-populated houses in the under-world.

"Well, she's got Typhoid Fever, and"—was it to himself or Jessica he said it?—"she's going to die."

"To die!" cried Jessica, as she clutched the dingy kitten to her breast. Then her black eyes grew luminous. "She'll not die. I'll ask Him to let you keep her. I ask Him every day to let me keep Sandy, because I love him. I'll ask Him no' to let her die, to let you keep her because you love her."

"I love her!" echoed the Super-Eugenist, and he sank on the seat of his motor-cycle and covered his face with his hands, and sobbed in a queer, dry way that hurt Jessica. He was remarkably uncontrolled for such a very clever young man!

But Jessica was mentally deficient and knew nothing about these things, but in the heart of this "one of the least of these" there was a strong maternal instinct; so she put her disengaged hand on the young man's shoulder and patted it softly. "She'll no' die," she whispered; "I'll ask Him."

Autumn was drawing to a close, and as the days grew shorter they also grew very, very cold. But Jessica did not mind! She knew where she would find warmth and rest for her weary little body and protection from the teasing children who worried Sandy. So, with him hugged close to her little heart, she walked unobserved to the large, dim church that stands at the edge of the under-world. She went warily, however, for even there she must be careful. He was an excellent young priest, the curate—very young and very correct. He had a great love for the order and seemliness of God's House, and he had told Jessica many, many times *not* to bring her cat into the church. True he had to admit that Sandy was well-behaved, that he always

lay curled up in Jessica's arms, and the kindness in his brown eyes, and the funny smile that would insist on playing round his mouth, belied the sternness of his words, and though he always said, "Take that cat out of this, child," Sandy always got in, in the end, on conditions. Jessica could never understand his objection. She couldn't see why she couldn't take Sandy in to see the Good God, when she went to talk to Him about the Odd Girl. But then she was, in modern parlance, "mentally deficient." To-night she was very cold and very tired, and her mind was only conscious of three things. One was to get before the beautiful red lamp and sit down; the other was to keep Sandy with her, in those arms that were never too tired to carry him; the third was to keep a look-out for a tall, straight young figure in a black soutane and biretta on the back of his head, and to dodge him, for she didn't feel equal to argument. She crawled wearily up the steps, but oh how she loved the smell of incense coming out to her! She made her way into the dimness inside, and there, a few yards away, coming towards her, was the excellent and correct young priest. Jessica's heart thumped and her knees felt shaky, but she had the quickness of the children of the under-world and she hid behind a pillar. He passed by without seeing her, and went his way, and Jessica, with a laugh on her lips and joy in her heart, went right up to the large seat in front of the beautiful red lamp and sat down on it with a great sigh of the utmost weariness, and hugged still more tightly the beloved Sandy to her breast.

Next morning, very, very early, a motor-cyclist drove through the under-world and stopped at the house where Jessica lived. A young and buoyant figure jumped off. It was the Super-Eugenist: but when Mrs. French opened her door, of course he looked just like any other gentleman. She didn't know that he was so exceedingly clever as to be a Super-Eugenist. In fact, he was very human just now. The Odd Girl had made a perfectly miraculous recovery and was now at home, looking gentler and sweeter than ever, and as she couldn't possibly come to see Jessica, he had promised to bring Jessica to see her. In fact, Jessica was bothering him. What on earth was he going to do about her? The Odd Girl took such notions into that sunny head of hers. No environment, said the Super-Eugenist to himself, would change Jessica or improve her mentality, because her mind

could never make full use of stimuli received, nor develop to the normal extent. She really shouldn't be allowed, and yet—and yet—she had said with that wondrous light in her eyes, "You love her? I'll ask Him to let you keep her," and before him, in the grey, dusty, under-world he saw a vision of two gentle eyes and two tender outstretched hands, ready to welcome him home. The Odd Girl *had* got better.

"She's never been in a' night," said Mrs. French, "and she's gettin' mair stupid-like every day, and aye wanderin' away to the church wi' that beast o' hers.

The Super-Eugenist began to feel anxious—he didn't know why—so he turned his motor-cycle towards the church and went there. The great doors were open and, early as it was, a few people were inside waiting for the first Mass. As the Super-Eugenist looked round he saw a tall, pale, correct young ecclesiastic come towards him, who asked him whether he was looking for anyone.

"Yes," said the Super-Eugenist, feeling terribly silly, "I'm looking for a little girl and a cat."

The brown eyes of the young priest laughed into the steely ones opposite, but he merely raised his eye-brows and said politely: "A little girl and a cat?"

"Er—yes—exactly," said the Super-Eugenist, "rather a dirty little girl!"

The correct young priest laughed openly, and he said: "Poor little kid, she can't possibly be here, or I'd have seen her. I'm eternally chasing that beastly cat out!"

But the Super-Eugenist, who was looking straight up towards the beautiful red lamp, saw, coming out of the front seat, and tearing down the aisle with his ears well back, Sandy. He strode up the aisle to the front seat, followed by the young priest, and there, curled up in the seat, with her tired eyelids closed and a smile on her stupid, tired little face was Jessica—quite dead . . .

The Super-Eugenist, being a very clever young doctor, found out afterwards she had died of mal-nutrition, exhaustion and cold, and the young priest found out afterwards that she had been locked up in the church all night. But, at that moment, both of them thought of none of these things. They only knelt down beside the little dead child and felt very humble, and through the mind of the Super-Eugenist flashed one of the Odd Girl's lines:

"And the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

J. L. GORDON.

THEOPHILUS OF CORTE

(1676-1740)

SOME religious Orders have never needed reform. God's strong arm has wonderfully carried them over the smooth centuries of their history. Not so the Franciscans. Their story is an epic poem—a long series of martial endeavours to capture and cling to an ideal—endeavours which sometimes come tumbling over each other, like tumultuous waves round a rock, and at others emerge slowly into greatness, and slowly sink again. In England the splendid thirteenth-century days, rich in hallowed memories—Agnellus and Haymo of Faversham, Alexander of Hales and Adam Marsh—give gradual place to a decline which is only pulled up with a jerk, in the late fifteenth century, by the advent of the Observants, so that what opened in glory and light was by these happily closed in heroism and blood.

In Spain, in the sixteenth century, Peter of Alcantara and his great durable work comes hot on the trail, though not untimely, after the work of Peter of Villacrete and St. Peter Regalatus in the fifteenth.

The Observant movement, a slender, fragile plant in the fourteenth century, is followed suddenly by all that Bernardine of Sienna and John Capistran stood for in the fifteenth. Then comes a long, long pause till another movement emerges in the late seventeenth century, and blossoms out in the eighteenth, the *Ritiro* movement of which Theophilus is a great leader.

Theophilus is a Leonard of Port-Maurice without his missionary activity and success. Many might think his life empty in consequence: but no, his sixty-three years were well filled and his path through life divinely spacious.

Blaise Signori—as he was known in the world—was born at Corte in Corsica on October 30, 1676, the very year in which the future St. Leonard first saw the light, but, unlike the sailor's son, Blaise was of noble birth and wealthy parents, and his family could boast armorial bearings of distinction. As a child he was pious, and, as a boy, remarkably clever, so that it was not without much human disappointment that his father and mother found their only son bent, despite their

opposition, on joining the Friars Minor. Blaise entered the Observant Franciscans at their novitiate house at Corte in September, 1693, and received the habit on the 21st of the month, taking the name of Theophilus.

In 1694 he was solemnly professed and commenced his studies for the priesthood. First at Rome, then at Naples, Theophilus passed brilliantly along the courses of Philosophy and Theology, and by 1700, when he was ordained priest, he was already marked out as a distinguished student. From Naples he then went back to the *Ara Cæli* convent at Rome to prepare for his lector's degree in Theology. In the following year he was declared a "concionator et artium lector." One more final examination, and he would attain to the highest scientific distinctions in the Order.

Then God stepped in. During the summer holidays, Theophilus went off to Civitella (to-day, I think, Bellegra), near the famous abbey of Subiaco. Curiosity, and Divine Providence, were drawing him to meet the saintly Thomas of Cori, who had turned the old-world convent of Civitella—where Francis himself had once stayed—into a *Ritiro*, thus doing for the *Observanti* branch of the Order what the lay-Brother, Bonaventure of Barcelona, had already begun among the *Riformati*.¹

Theophilus, whose soul had not withered with study nor grown dim with success, was immensely struck. How could he not be? He knew the *ethos* of his Order and its contemplative spirit, and saw in its every *Ritiro* the necessary counterpoise to its heroic army of missionaries. Thomas of Cori—for all his visionary, unworldly life—knew *his* man too, as soon as he saw him, and was undisguisedly out to "rope in"—as we should say—the clever young friar from Rome. But God must perfect what He began. Theophilus sees his duty awaiting him at the *Ara Cæli*, and life in a professor's chair seems still a not unpleasing prospect. Holi-

¹ Here is a table, incomplete I am afraid, of the houses founded by the *Ritiro* movement of the period:

<i>Riformati</i> :	Blessed Bonaventure (†1684)	St. Bonaventure Rome.
		Our Lady of Grace Ponticelli.
		St. Angelo de Montorio Romano, in the Sabine.
	Saint Leonard (†1751)	. . . Incontro, near Florence.
	Blessed Leopold (†1815)	. . . Monte Luco, near Spoleto.
<i>Observanti</i> :	Blessed Thomas of Cori (†1729)	Civitella, near Subiaco.
		Palombara, in the Sabine.
	Blessed Theophilus (†1740)	Zuani (Corsica).
		Fucecchio, in Tuscany.

days over, he left then for Rome, but on his way—as so often happened to pedestrians in those times—met with an accident, missed his footing on the rough road, and fell down a steep gully. His thigh was fractured, and he had to be driven home to the *Ara Cœli* in a carriage, and, once there, to take up his abode in the Infirmary. Here he was visited by Thomas of Cori, not at all to sympathize but just to remind him now. "I always told you God meant you to stay with us."

Six weeks in bed, a permanent limp, the *beatus qui se fecit sterilem in hoc mundo* of St. Francis in his mind, or at least his heart, and Theophilus, abandoning a brilliant career, abandoning his beloved Corsica, enters into the Roman Province, and draws up over himself the mantle of solitude in the convent of Civitella.

With the exception of five years (1709—1713) spent at the *Ritiro* of Palombara—which Thomas of Cori founded from Civitella—Theophilus spent the period from 1703—1727 in this first home of his choice. Once at Palombara, twice at Civitella, he held triennial office as Guardian. Of his life during this quarter of a century, self-sacrificing, obscure, devoted, little incidents have come down to us which give us—far better than a mere horarium of conventual exercises, with its chill note of meticulous austerity—a picture of the living Theophilus. At one time, when he held no office whatever, he became the object of great hostility, either real or feigned, on the part of his Guardian, Benedict of Cerchiara. The latter bullied and harassed poor Theophilus night and day, till most men would have thought their lives unbearable, but he only faced the evil daily with unalterable patience and silence, and in the end, as they always will, these triumphed. Devotion at Mass, and devotion to the Divine Office, were both conspicuous in Theophilus, but he never allowed the former to make him unduly long, nor the latter to hamper his work for souls. As Superior—for all his ecstatic fervour—he was ever wide-awake; too much so for poor Father Dominic, who confesses to have been often aroused by Theophilus, gently but effectively, when he slumbered during the long hours of mental prayer, or for Father Octave of Florence, who, to his great surprise, was called to account one day for the forty inclinations he had omitted, "for I counted them," during the chanting of the Office. Theophilus could be abrupt, too, in his manner

certainly, as when, for example, he rushed out one day from the church—where he was busy in the confessional—to put a stop to what he regarded as some over florid music with which the Religious, from their choir behind the altar, had begun to accompany the High Mass; or when, one Easter morning, singing Mass himself, he swept off the altar some pieces of money the peasants were accustomed to place there at that season, exclaiming: "What's this dirt!" However, there was another side to his character which the young students knew who used to come to him for snuff. He would growl gently at them and tell them they were making a habit of it and taking too much, but, though he allowed himself none, they would get it, even in a *Ritiro* of saints.

Despite his health, which was bad, for he suffered from hernia, Theophilus combined with the austerity of conventual life a vast amount of local activity, preaching, giving missions in the neighbourhood, hearing confessions and visiting the sick, to whom, throughout his life, he was always touchingly and self-sacrificingly devoted. I have a vision of him, late one evening, just "turning in" as we should say, in fact, sitting on his bed, when a sick-call comes, together with the soothing suggestion that it was after all a call which might well wait till the morning, or that perhaps another might go. For a brief moment the tired Theophilus sat wearily on, then briskly shook himself together and was out and away without further question. He made enemies, of course, but crushed them by charity, as in the case of the friar who wrote a skit against him in verse and delivered himself of it at recreation. All he could extort from his Superior was a "keep quiet, you silly fellow." Resentment cannot feed itself on that.

But even *Ritiros* are human, and in 1727 Theophilus was sent by Thomas of Cori to re-animate the decayed observance at Polombara which for fourteen years had been deprived of the presence of both these saints. He goes not as Superior but as Vicar and Novice Master, and the difficult work of restoration is done quite hiddenly and without clamour. In January, 1729, his devoted protector, Thomas of Cori, died, and everything pointed to a return of Theophilus to Civitella and to a renewal of his quiet life there of prayer and humble apostolate.

This, however, was not to be. His success at Polombara, where he had shown himself not merely a follower of others

but a builder up, pointed him out to the authorities at Rome as the very man they wanted for an arduous mission. It was proposed to establish a *Ritiro* in that harassed island of Corsica, where incessant struggle against a foreign yoke, accompanied by widespread disorder, had somewhat dimmed religious life. The work confronting Theophilus was one of appalling difficulty for the simple reason that, despite the loyal and devoted co-operation of the Corsican Provincial, the friars as a body did not want him.

The *Ritiranti*, as they were called, a party of six in all, four priests and two lay-Brothers, met at Bastia in the late autumn of 1730, having travelled from Italy in three groups. Not finding the Provincial there, the whole party moved on to Corte. At first all went well. As was to be expected, Theophilus was received in his native town with transports of delight, and, on hearing the purpose of his mission, the citizens light-heartedly suggested a plan for settling the business without further ado, and keeping him in their midst. *Why not turn out the Capuchins and let him have their convent for his Ritiro.* This, however, would never do, for not only is popular enthusiasm an evanescent thing, and the Capuchins would soon be missed sadly, but Theophilus himself had not forgotten that early devotion of his to the Capuchin Franciscans which had led him at one time to think seriously of joining them, and to which he had since added a deep veneration for their observant life. No, other places must be found; and Theophilus now embarked upon a veritable odyssey of search.

Campoloro was his first halting-place, but though the Provincial had preceded him there to smooth matters over for his enterprise, jealousy among the brethren and hostility on the part of the people soon determined Theophilus to try elsewhere. "God wills it so," he said on this occasion, and had often to say again. The Provincial then named Nonza. After a futile endeavour to open the *Ritiro* at the convent of Farinole, Theophilus was fain to follow the Provincial's advice and make a new start at Nonza. No better fortune, however, attended him here. The people showed themselves as hostile as ever, and to be suspected as a *ritirante* was to come in for trouble. It only shows how deeply the Corsican friars—despite, no doubt, certain irregularities—had won their way, as only good men can, into the hearts of their countrymen. Theophilus was opposed most bitterly

and violently, in village after village, simply because the inhabitants imagined—and were, in fact, sometimes told—that a *Ritiro* would sever all connection between themselves and their friars.

From Nonza, Theophilus—usually accompanied on these purely experimental endeavours by no more than a single lay-Brother of his party—was directed to Pino, but quite fruitlessly, and he passed on to Rogliano. All was in vain, and there was nothing for it but to fall back on Bastia. Here he met the Provincial, who, as unbeaten as Theophilus, suggested Caccia. It was already winter, and the journey over rough, mountainous roads, often under deep snow, turned out a painful pilgrimage indeed. However, the Provincial had gone on ahead and won over the people of Caccia to the idea of a *Ritiro* in their midst, so no opposition was anticipated from that quarter. Alas, the neighbouring hamlet of Castifao has not been reckoned with. A boisterous party arrived thence the very first day after the Saint's arrival and proceeded to break into the cloister, crying, "Out with the *Ritiranti*; we only want our own friars here." There was nothing for it, and the poor Provincial, quite nonplussed, had to send Theophilus back to Corte, almost the only place it would seem in all Corsica where the Saint could spend a day in peace.

It was the season of Lent, and Theophilus busied himself in pastoral work and much preaching. Petty persecution, however, pursued him still, as he learnt one evening when, returning from a sick-call, on which he had gone with the Guardian's permission, he found himself locked out, and, on knocking, refused admission. The Community were at supper at the time, and the Guardian, finding them out of sympathy with him in his extravagance, told the Brother Porter to open the door, and he himself rose abruptly from table and went straight up to his room. Theophilus, on entering, went straight up there too, not, however, to upbraid or threaten, but just to get his Superior's blessing, which he did without showing the least mark of irritation.

Easter over, the vexed question of the *Ritiro* came up once more. One would have thought Theophilus and the Provincial so heartily sick of the whole business as never to wish to open the question again, but they tackled it anew with the old equanimity. The Provincial, though not without grave misgiving, named Zuani, a little convent set in a great grove

of chestnut trees, and exquisitely placed on the southern slopes of a hill, looking out over the rich plain of Aleria and to the distant Mediterranean beyond. Thither then, at the beginning of May, 1731, went Theophilus and his faithful companion, Brother Joseph. The old reclamations, to which the *Ritiranti* were by this so well accustomed, broke out as before, but soon strangely subsided. The Guardian and an ex-Provincial resident in the community were the first to come over, and by May 19th, the observances of a *Ritiro* were introduced. Then, though not without further trouble on the part both of the other members of the community and of the villagers outside, peace was at length definitely secured, and the sweet words of the Prophet, which greeted every visitor to the enclosure door, *Ducam eam in solitudine et loquar ad cor ejus*, were verified at last; solitude and the Voice of God. Zuani, its community linked together now by a common ideal, became a true *Ritiro*, and men could judge of the movement, not from the still-born efforts of the last few months, but by the living reality. Life within the little cloister meant life without, to say nothing of a new wing Theophilus had to add to the building to accommodate the increasing numbers. A *Ritiro* cannot help becoming a centre of supernatural activity, and Zuani, once the life within was renewed, drew men from all parts. Even Campoloro, so bitterly hostile before, became as enthusiastically admiring now, and Theophilus was often summoned there to satisfy the devotion of his late opponents.

For a full three years he pursued at Zuani the old ideal life for which all else had been thrown away, a life of religious observance within and pastoral work without. We should always remember this when we think of these old *Ritiri*. Though Religious went there from time to time to spend varying periods in absolute retirement, those who lived there and formed the stable community always used their *Ritiro* as a base from which pastoral work was maintained. A *Ritiro* was never a Carthusian monastery, nor the friar a monk, but the friar cherished his solitude as a monk might, and his choir and silence no less, for he saw in them means of turning himself into a saint, and his humble *Ritiro* into a beacon-light.

Strangely enough, these years of tranquil life at Zuani were passed in the midst of a country harassed by war; for in 1731, the Corsicans, after consulting their theologians—

Franciscans leading, and, in fact, the congress was held in their convent of Orezza—had rejected the rule of Genoa and declared, on sound ethical principles, that all requisites for lawful resistance being present, resistance there should be. They found themselves confronted in consequence by several thousand German mercenaries, hired by Genoa from the Emperor Charles VI. Though the gallant islanders wiped them out at Calenzana in 1732, it was only to see them replaced by a second horde, commanded this time by Prince Louis of Wurtemberg. It was to this Prince that Theophilus once directed his steps in order to secure for the village and district of Zuani protection from the indiscriminate violence of the Imperial troops. He found the Prince at Corte and gained all he was asking for.

In October, 1734, Theophilus was unexpectedly summoned to Rome. He left Zuani with regret no doubt, but never a care for the work he had wrought there, trusting to God to preserve, if He would, what He had so wonderfully begun. "If I ever thought of myself as indispensable to any work," Theophilus once said, "I should look on myself as as good as damned already."

Arrived at Rome, he found himself assigned to Palombara. Poor Palombara, neither the solitude of the Sabine hills, nor the presence of saints, has made a true *Ritiro* of you yet, and once more Theophilus must toil in your midst—ostensibly to prepare himself for an Advent course of sermons, but in reality—as his companion, Brother Frederick, tells us—to cope with some relaxations which had crept in. All went well, and in April, 1735, Theophilus was named Guardian once more of his first love, Civitella.¹

Civitella, however, was not destined to keep him long. The following year he was relieved of his office and sent to found yet another *Ritiro* at Fucecchio in Tuscany. He was already sixty years old, and this was destined to be the last work of his life.

Theophilus arrived at Fucecchio on April 24, 1736. He was kindly received at first, but, on being further informed

¹ Before leaving Palombara, however, a great matter had been begun. The suffragan Bishop of the Sabine, Mgr. Eustace Entrieri, had been charged by the Holy See to initiate the preliminary inquiries preparatory to the introduction at Rome of the Cause of Beatification of Thomas of Cori. In the course of his work Mgr. Eustace necessarily saw much of Theophilus, and used to remark to his entourage: "We are examining into one saint with the help of another"; and "One day we shall be as busy over Fr. Theophilus as we now are over Thomas."

of the meaning of his arrival, the Guardian assumed immediately a most bitter and hostile attitude. When Brother Frederick, of the Saint's party, arrived a fortnight later, he refused point blank to receive him, saying that his *Obedience* was addressed to a Father Theophilus at some *Ritiro* or other "whereas I am Guardian here, and this house is not a *Ritiro*." He then set about wire-pulling on an extensive scale, writing to his Superiors at Florence, to his Bishop, and even going so far as to invoke the aid of the highest civil authority. At the same time, those of the community who supported him endeavoured to excite hostility in the neighbourhood, giving out that the *Ritiranti* lived like savages, said Mass at none but impossibly early hours, and did nothing for the people. Their efforts succeeded only too well. The villagers threatened to fire the convent, actually broke into the garden and stole its produce, and openly declared their intention of stoning Theophilus if he dared to show himself at the coming Corpus Christi procession, which, with customary devotion quite unruffled, they were preparing to celebrate as usual. Theophilus wisely stayed at home, and his determined enemies then tried to starve him out by withholding alms. The authorities at Florence sent down a Lector to set things right. He was met, on arrival, by a deputation of forty, protesting against a *Ritiro*, and he could do nothing but report aimlessly on the necessity of suspending the foundation till June. Theophilus found fortitude in silence and in hope, but a Father Philip, of his party, did noble work preaching to the people, giving a Retreat to the Clergy, and winning not only souls but hearts.

Then came the feast of St. Anthony. Theophilus showed himself, preached a magnificent panegyric of the Saint, and caught up the entire assembly in the folds of his eloquence. The victory was his. Alms suddenly abounded, more generous than they had ever been. A *Ritiro* emerged from the conflict, and Theophilus's first official act was to restore the midnight Office. Thenceforward the work ran smoothly. The elder dissidents left, and their places were more than filled by willing newcomers. Minor relaxations were all gradually submerged by the rising tide of fervour and by the gentle patience of the now ageing Saint. The people learnt to value the convent more than they had ever done previously, and the relations between friars and clergy became not merely cordial, but intimately spiritual as well.

Theophilus quietly settled down again to his old ideal life of monastic observance and active pastoral work. Wonderful cures and homely miracles followed in his wake.

Little children received their sight, mothers in grave danger were safely delivered, ulcers vanished at his touch. Yet could Theophilus be stern to the end in matters of discipline. Father Philip, the preacher, was most severely reprimanded for presuming to undertake an engagement to preach in a neighbouring church without having previously consulted his Guardian; and when the Saint lay dying, he raised himself in bed with infinite difficulty, and taking his stick, rapped fiercely on the door of his cell to acquaint his community with two facts, that the bell should have been rung for Vespers and that he himself was not yet dead. Then he demanded his confessor and accused himself of impatience.

For four years Theophilus lived at Fucecchio, and then the last call came in May, 1740. After a laborious visit of charity to hear the confession of a poor old peasant who had asked for him, pleurisy set in, and by the 13th he was forced by a fever supervening to take to his bed. No signs of amelioration appearing, all the last rites of the Church were administered to him. When the prayers were over, the dying Saint lay motionless for two hours, his eyes wide open and staring, his face troubled, murmuring almost inaudibly: "One only God: One in a Trinity of Persons: One soul: One Eternity." He appeared to all to be struggling with frightful temptations. Then suddenly a wave of serenity swept over his features. He turned to the Crucifix and covered it with kisses, praying all the while; and then—in reply to a question—"I mean to say at this moment all the Holy Church bids me." Shortly afterwards he raised up his right hand thrice, saying: "Go forth from this body, O my soul: What do you fear? What do you fear?" And so he died, the 19th of May, 1740, and his remains are resting now in the Choir at Fucecchio.

On the 24th of September, 1895, Theophilus was, by Pope Leo XIII., declared Blessed.

DOMINIC DEVAS, O.F.M.

THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP BARLOW

IN most of the Anglican reviews of Mgr. Barnes' recent indictment of Barlow's Orders¹ there is perceptible a certain note of irritation which does not appear to be adequately accounted for by the fact that the writers declare the arguments of the book to be altogether inconclusive. The condemnation of Anglican Orders by Leo XIII. in the Bull *Apostolicæ curæ*, mainly, if not entirely, on theological grounds, has during recent years thrown the historical side of the question into the background. Indeed, Lord Halifax, writing in 1912, explicitly says, in regard to that decision: "The controversy as to the validity of English Orders has been disentangled from many of the difficulties which had been supposed to surround it. The historical fact of the Succession may be supposed to be settled, and the difficulties which remain have been practically narrowed to the question of the rite by which Holy Orders are conferred in the Church of England in connection with the intention of those who framed it."² That condemnation, after an interval of more than a quarter of a century, has become in some sense ancient history. Things have settled down. Timid consciences, which may at one time have been inclined to scruple about their Orders, have gratefully welcomed the idea that the verdict simply registered the victory of prejudice over scholarship, of the Curia over the Pope. And now Mgr. Barnes comes along, and by this new book of his, seeks to upset what Anglicans consider to be the only result of any value achieved by the Leonine inquiry. Once more he brings us back to the historical problems involved. If the plea which he urges with considerable plausibility be even partially accepted, every Anglican clergyman, apart from a few extreme Evangelicals, must recognize that the whole Succession is compromised. Whatever view such a clergyman may hold about the validity of the English Ordinals and the intention of those who framed them, if Barlow was never

¹ *Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders, a Study of the Original Documents*, by Arthur Stapylton Barnes, M.A., Longmans, 1922, pp. xvii., 194; price 12s. net.

² *Leo XIII. and Anglican Orders*, pp. 391-392.

consecrated, the Orders which come through him are at least doubtful, and it becomes the duty of the conscientious Anglican minister to seek conditional reordination.

Under such circumstances, one can quite understand that Mgr. Barnes' volume is likely to have rather a provocative effect upon many English readers. Though they may, with more or less of reason, as we shall see, quarrel with his deductions from the documents which he quotes, though they may denounce his theory of a conspiracy of silence as preposterous, still there are certain facts they cannot get away from. It is more than three hundred years since Champney, in his *Treatise of the Vocation of Bishops*, challenged the fact of Barlow's consecration. Though since then there have been hundreds of Anglican churchmen (many of them distinguished scholars, and with ready access to all the manuscript sources), who regarded this historical problem as one of supreme moment, no single fragment of direct evidence has yet been produced which attests the consecration of Barlow.¹ But there is more than this. It is beyond question, as Mgr. Barnes, following Estcourt and others, shows, that Barlow, like Cranmer and many of the early Reformers, regarded episcopal consecration as quite unnecessary. It is this which makes the wide difference between the Reformed and Edwardine episcopate and that of mediæval times. Undoubtedly in the Middle Ages, even where direct records of any bishop's consecration are lacking, we may pronounce with

* Mr. Birkbeck's statement that Cardinal Pitra when working in the Lambeth Library is said to have "come upon the actual record of Barlow's consecration," a statement now nearly thirty years old (see Halifax, *Leo XIII. and Anglican Orders*, p. 82), may certainly pair with Mgr. Barnes' assertion that the same Cardinal, examining Parker's Register in 1852, declared that "it had all the marks of an apocryphal document" (p. 120). All hearsay evidence of this vague description is worthless. On the other hand the reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement*, after mentioning that "Gardiner had a record made in his own register of the date of his consecration, but apart from that there is no direct evidence extant, nor are his consecrators known," goes on to say that "Barlow had a similar record, stating the fact of his consecration, inserted in the one register of his that is extant, though Mgr. Barnes does not mention the fact, but it does not settle the question of date, nor the question of the consecration, any more than Gardiner's does." The exact terms of this entry, the existence of which I do not doubt, would be of great interest. Why has no Anglican scholar published them? To me the fact that such an entry should be made, without mentioning date, place or consecrators, seems not a little suspicious. Barlow himself, if he were consecrated, must have known the date. I wrote to Chichester addressing my letters to the "Librarian or Archivist" of the cathedral, but though I received a courteous postcard in reply, the writer, answering in the librarian's absence, informed me "We know of no record of Bishop Barlow's consecration being registered here," suggesting at the same time that in connection with Barlow's consecration I should consult Le Neve!

certainty that if he ordained and confirmed and took part in other episcopal consecrations, he had received episcopal consecration himself. The universal voice of Christendom would otherwise have proclaimed him guilty of abominable sacrilege, and over and above that, if his imposture had been detected, he would have been denounced to his Archbishop or the Holy See as a heretic. He might even pay the penalty at the stake and no man would have pitied him. But in Henry VIII.'s days things were far otherwise. The dialogue of Jewell with Harding, from which Mgr. Barnes quotes an extract on p. 152, evidently suggests that, once the priesthood had been conferred, it was the canonical election of the chapter and the Royal Assent, which were looked upon by Jewell as the most important element in promotion to a bishopric.¹ And here I may call attention to a point which somewhat favours Mgr. Barnes' argument. Henry VIII. himself was undoubtedly very well-read in theology. Both Dr. James Gairdner and Mr. A. F. Pollard are agreed that his *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, against Luther (1521), was the coinage of his own brain. The late Father Taunton went so far as to maintain that in Henry VIII.'s application for a divorce from Catherine, the theological teaching commonly received at that date was on Henry's side. I do not by any means endorse this view, but undoubtedly Henry's contention, especially when based on the supposed consummation of Catherine's marriage with his brother Arthur, had much more support in the authoritative theological teaching of the time than is commonly supposed. Now it is noteworthy that in the short section assigned in the *Assertio* to the Sacrament of Orders, Henry says practically nothing from which could be inferred the necessity of *episcopal* consecration. His whole argument is taken up with ordination to the priesthood, the need of which Luther had denied. In almost the only passage in which the royal theologian touches on a bishop's status, he quotes first St. Paul's words to Timothy (I Tim. iv. 14-15), and proceeds to comment thereon:

"Stir up the grace of God which is in thee and which has been given thee through prophecy by imposition of the hands of the priesthood" (or "presbytery" R.V.). I wonder then that Luther

¹ See also the citations given in Estcourt, *Question of Anglican Ordination*, pp. 147 seq.

is not ashamed to deny the Sacrament of Holy Orders, as he is not ignorant that the words of St. Paul are in every man's hands, which teach that a priest is not made except by a priest and not made without consecration, in which a bodily sign is applied and so much of spiritual grace is infused, that he who is consecrated not only receives the Holy Spirit himself, but also the power of conferring it on others.¹

There is a certain ambiguity about this passage, but, whether read by itself or in its context, it seems to be in remarkable accord with the view formerly held by some rather eccentric theologians that in ordination to the priesthood the fulness of the Sacrament of Orders is conferred, which only needs due canonical appointment to warrant the recipient proceeding to the exercise of all episcopal functions. Of course the word *sacerdos* is applicable to a bishop, and in earlier ages was quite commonly used in that sense, also Henry employs the word *consecratur* and not *ordinatur*, but the passage appears to me designedly framed so as to give no offence to critics, while still susceptible of a less orthodox meaning. If Henry had written *non nisi ab episcopo fieri episcopum* there would have been no doubt as to the purport of the passage. But that, I conceive, was not what Henry really wanted to say.²

However this may be, and the point is in any case of no great consequence, I must confess that I find it hard to share Mgr. Barnes' supposition of a secret plot. The author himself sees the difficulty and asks: "If Henry's purpose was the increase of the Royal Prerogative and the institution of a hierarchy owing everything and not merely their appointment to himself, then publicity was essential. Why then was the matter kept secret?" To this he answers that "Barlow's case was of the nature of a *ballon d'essai*, to make practical trial how far the existing law, without any change whatever, would allow the King to go in this direction." The answer is not very convincing, for the experiment was apparently quite successful, and yet Henry did not go any

¹ The Latin is important: "Miror igitur non pudere Lutherum, quum negat sacramentum Ordinis: haud ignarus in manibus omnium versari verba Pauli, quae doceant non nisi a sacerdote fieri sacerdotem, nec sine consecratione fieri, in qua et signum adhibeatur corporeum, et tantum spiritalis infundatur gratiae, ut is qui consecratur, non solum accipiat ipse Spiritum Sanctum sed etiam potestatem conferendi aliis." The American edition, from which I copy this, calmly translates "non nisi a sacerdote fieri sacerdotem": a Priest cannot be ordained but by a Bishop.

² The fact that Barlow was a priest has, of course, never been disputed.

further in the same direction. Sampson, Rugg, Parfew, and More were all duly consecrated in the summer and autumn of 1536, and no less than eight new bishops were consecrated in 1537. If Barlow was an exception, and to my thinking, with our present knowledge, we can by no means pronounce confidently on the point, the initiative is much more likely to have come from Cromwell, Cranmer, or Barlow himself. Supposing Henry to have held the lax views, suggested, at least, by the passage just quoted, but more explicitly deducible, as Mgr. Barnes points out, from certain questions put by the King to a commission of bishops in 1540,¹ it is quite conceivable that he may have made no objection to Barlow's going unconsecrated, especially as, at the time when he was put in possession of the temporalities (April 26, 1536), the Bishop elect of St. David's was on the point of returning to his diplomatic mission in Scotland. The most valuable part of this new discussion of the subject seems to be the development which Mgr. Barnes has given to the argument already ably urged by Estcourt,² that it is not merely a single entry in a register, but that a whole series of documents which ought to attest Barlow's consecration, are every one of them missing. Mgr. Barnes puts the difficulty very forcibly:

It seems [he says] hardly credible, but in every one of these possible sources the effort to recover the document meets with failure. Every step of his (Barlow's) history is in order and can be proved by documentary evidence until we come to the crucial moment. We know all about his election, the Royal assent to his election, the confirmation of the election by Archbishop Cranmer. But there the series stops short. For anything further we have neither Privy Seal nor enrolment on the Patent Rolls. The State records are as silent as the ecclesiastical, nor is there any chance mention of the fact in any contemporary authority to supply the gap. So far as external evidence is concerned, the effort to prove the consecration of Bishop Barlow completely breaks down. It is a very remarkable circumstance, quite inexplicable if the consecration ever really took place, and absolutely unparalleled in the case of any other bishop of the period, or indeed since careful records of such matters in England first began.³

One of Mgr. Barnes' reviewers has pointed out that the

¹ Barnes, pp. 28—29; Strype's *Cranmer*, App. xxvii. and xxviii.

² *Question of Anglican Ordination*, pp. 65—80.

³ *Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders*, p. 42.

dearth of evidence in Barlow's case is not so completely unparalleled as he supposes. We do not know where Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was consecrated, nor who were his consecrators. The fact of the consecration is briefly entered in his register as 3 Dec 1531, but beyond that we know nothing. It must be remembered, however, that Gardiner, having apparently been provided to the bishopric by the Holy See, several of the documents which we might expect to find in later appointments by the Crown would not be available. In the case of Henry's bishops who were consecrated after 1534, Mgr. Barnes enumerates 13 or 14 separate records, which ought to attest in different ways the fact of the consecration. By a singular fatality, as he urges, not one of these is forthcoming in Barlow's case:

It is almost inconceivable [he goes on] that fourteen separate documents, some belonging to the State and others to the Church, in the custody of at least eight different functionaries in localities widely separated, can possibly have disappeared by mere accident or carelessness if ever they existed at all.¹

Further, the author declares that in the case of Bishop Goodrich, who was consecrated to the See of Ely on 19 Ap. 1534, and was thus "the first of the new bishops after the breach with Rome," twelve of the thirteen documents are extant. We cannot but regret that in this instance Mgr. Barnes, who has personally inspected these records, has not given us a footnote or appendix specifying, briefly but exactly, where they are to be found and what is the nature of each. Such new material, one is inclined to suggest, would be more valuable than some of the other documents borrowed from Estcourt and other printed sources, for which he has found room. Moreover, it would surely have been well to push this line of investigation further. The labour would no doubt be considerable, but if Mgr. Barnes were able to say, I have searched the records for all the consecrations of 1536 and 1537, and I have found that in each case

¹ *Bishop Barlow*, p. 57. Mgr. Barnes hardly, perhaps, makes sufficient allowance for the possibility that before the documents were consigned to the care of their ultimate custodians, all of them, or at least many of them, may have been kept together in a bundle and sent to some diocesan registrar to be copied. Or, as Lingard remarks with his usual good sense: "When a consecration was performed by the provincial bishops in the country the acts were returned to the archbishop to be entered in his register; but it often happened that the proper officer neglected to do his duty at the moment; that it was afterwards forgotten, and that the acts themselves were subsequently lost." *Catholic Magazine*, 1834, p. 502.

there are at least half a dozen instruments still extant, which attest the fact, whereas for Barlow there is no documentary evidence of any sort, this would seem to us to be a much more convincing line of argument for Anglican readers than the comments which he has printed on Barlow's "Grant of Custody" or the Register of Archbishop Parker. Perhaps Mgr. Barnes will be persuaded to undertake this piece of research, and if he does, all Catholic students of the subject will have cause to be heartily grateful to him.

By far the best part of the book before us, in the present writer's judgment, is the portion hitherto summarized. The rest deals so largely in pure speculation, often based on very slender premises, that it has provided most of its non-Catholic reviewers with an excellent pretext for ignoring the really effective arguments urged by the author and fixing upon details which are comparatively irrelevant. Let me begin with Parker's Register. Speaking of the first 109 folios, which are all concerned with consecrations held in a period of two years and four months—from Parker's own consecration on December 17, 1559, to Cheyney's on April 19, 1562—Mgr. Barnes remarks:

This same handwriting, clearly an official hand of the right period, continues as we turn over the leaves. There is no change for a period of several years. The Register seems strangely uniform. It is all written, as Lingard once remarked, "by one hand and with one ink." He regarded that, strangely enough, as a sign of authenticity, but, surely, it is not thus that Registers are usually written.¹

Dr. Lingard was a man of very sound judgment and of great experience in dealing with original records, so that it is certainly dangerous to differ from him in matters where he had all the facts before him. Moreover, Lingard did not say what Mgr. Barnes attributes to him. His words are: "*The entry of the consecration is written in the same hand with the rest—aye, even with ink of the very same colour and consistency.*"² He was successfully combating the view, propounded by certain critics of his, that the account of the consecration in Parker's Register was an interpolation and a forgery. Dr. Lingard certainly never dreamt that anyone would suggest that 107 vellum folios had been forged, or

¹ *Bishop Barlow*, p. 124.

² The passage occurs in the last of three extremely valuable articles contributed by Lingard to the *Catholic Magazine*, Birmingham, 1834; p. 775.

at any rate rewritten, in order to introduce the statement that the words "Take the Holy Ghost" had been spoken by all four consecrators, and not by Barlow alone. This is Mgr. Barnes' theory, now propounded for the first time in the book before us; and to me, I must confess, the idea is quite incredible. To begin with, the labour would be prodigious. The matter of these 107 leaves, or 214 pages, if printed in extenso, would fill a volume of 400 pages royal 8vo. Surely some device would have suggested itself by which, since the volume was not then bound up, certain leaves could have been substituted without rewriting the whole. Further, Mgr. Barnes can hardly be right in finding ground for suspicion in the uniformity of the handwriting. No doubt when we are dealing with such records as baptismal registers, or books of accounts, or diaries, we usually find a diversity of handwritings and inks, even then the entries are all made by the same person. But an episcopal register, especially in the section dealing with consecrations, is a very different matter. It is not—it cannot possibly be—posted up from day to day. The registrar, or the scribe employed by him, will have to wait until all the documents connected with a particular consecration have come to hand. Then these papers, themselves covering a period of, it may be, six months or more,¹ have all to be copied one after another, and the process even with the utmost diligence may well take several days. A simple fact will make the position plain. The first 40 folios of Parker's Register, *i.e.*, 80 closely-written pages, are entirely concerned with the events which took place on December 17 and December 21, 1559, with only three days interval. In other words, they reproduce the documents connected with the consecration of Parker himself and of Grindal, Cox, Meyrick, and Sandys. It must have been almost inevitable that the official who transcribed them into the register should wait for a favourable opportunity, and then, so to speak, dispatch the whole business at one sitting, though undoubtedly the task must have occupied him many days. Under these circumstances what is there in the least surprising about the uniformity of the handwriting? The whole of the 107 suspected folios only cover a period of a little more than two years. I have myself

¹ For example, the mandate by Nicholas Wotton, Dean of Canterbury, is dated July 22, 1559, that of William Mey for St. Paul's is dated July 14, 1559. Neither of these could have been copied into Parker's Register until many months later.

within the last few days paid a visit to Lambeth and examined Parker's Register rather carefully. Unquestionably there is a change of handwriting after folio 109, and other changes later, but regard being had to the nature of the contents, I noticed no such marked contrasts between the beginning of the book and the end as our author seems to suggest.

Then as regards the description of Parker's consecration, it seems to me difficult to share Mgr. Barnes' views regarding either the suspicious character of the account itself, or the mystery with which he supposes the fact to have been enveloped. He writes:

The darkness of the winter morning was a fit emblem of the secrecy with which this momentous consecration and all its details were guarded for many years. No one knew who had been the consecrator, or how the ceremony had been carried out. The most pressing questions, the most pointed inquiries, the most elaborate and often insulting insinuations, could not draw any kind of information from the authorities. The whole affair was deliberately wrapped in impenetrable mystery.¹

There is, I submit, more of rhetoric than of history here. Lingard, who owing to the attacks of his critics, had been forced to pay a good deal of attention to this special point, gives a quite different impression. He tells us that "while Harding and Stapleton, and the more ancient Catholic controvertists, denied that Parker was a bishop, their objections referred to the *validity*, not to the *fact* of his consecration." Again he asks:

Why should Protestant writers have appealed to the register during the reign of Elizabeth, when the great dispute was not respecting the fact, but respecting the *validity* of Parker's consecration? Of that the register says nothing. But when in the reign of James, the story of the Nag's Head ordination became current among Catholics, and was even published in print, it was natural that Protestants should have recourse to the register, to prove the manner in which the consecration was performed.²

Further, he states that the main ground which Catholics put forward in the reign of Elizabeth to disprove the validity of Anglican Orders was that "they were performed with the insufficient form of Edward VI."

Of course, Mgr. Barnes may be able to quote evidence

¹ *Bishop Barlow*, p. 94.

² *The Catholic Magazine* (1834), pp. 501, 711—712.

from Catholic writers of the sixteenth century complaining that Parker's consecration was wrapped in impenetrable mystery, that no one could learn when it took place or what were the names of the consecrators; but if such evidence is available it seems a pity that it has not been produced.¹

On the other hand, it is certain that no such extreme reticence was observed as Mgr. Barnes seems to assume. In 1572, Parker issued from his private press at Lambeth his *De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ et privilegiis Ecclesiæ Cantuariensis cum Archiepiscopis ejusdem* 70. The number of copies struck off was probably small, although there are four of them actually in the British Museum, and, in a good many, certain supplementary additions are not found, notably the Life of Parker himself, the 70th and reigning archbishop. In this Life a fairly full account (I transcribe it in a footnote²) is given of his consecration. The four consecrators are named and the ceremony is so far described that he is stated to have been inaugurated by prayers and the invocation of the Holy Ghost, together with the imposition of hands. Much stress is laid upon the absence of papistical practices and vestures, and we are told that a numerous attendance of important personages received the Sacrament.

Now, that this narrative was issued by Parker himself there can be no possible doubt. He certainly sent it to some of his friends. That he did not send it to more is probably due to the fact that the Life is highly laudatory and con-

¹ I find nothing convincing in Mgr. Barnes' quotations on pp. 151—154, especially when read in the light of Lingard's remarks (*Catholic Magazine*, 1834, pp. 778—779).

² "Anno itaque Dom. 1559 Cantuariensis episcopus electus est a decano et capitulo ecclesiæ metropolitice Cantuariensis; posteaque eodem anno, 17 die Decembris, adhibitis quatuor episcopis, W. Cicesterensi, Johanne Herefordensi, Milone quondam Exoniensi et Richardo (*sic*) Bedfordensi, lege quadam de hac re lata requisitis, consecratus est. In qua consecratione hæc ei obvenit memorabilis felicitas, quod cum post Augustinum septuagesimus archiepiscopus fuerit, solus tamen atque primus fuit, qui tota illa atque putida (in MS. miswritten *putida*) papali superstitione detracta, sine bullata approbatione papæ, otiosisque plusquam Aaronicis ornamentis, chirothecis, annulis, sandalis, crepidis, mitra, pallio, ac ejusmodi nugis sacrationem accepit. Multoque rectius et simplicius, et puritati evangelicæ congruentius auspicatus est a precibus et invocatione Sancti Spiritus, manuum impositione, piis ab eo interpositis stipulationibus, in indumentis vero archiepiscopali auctoritati gravitatieque consentaneis, habitaque per doctum et pium theologum pro concione, de pastoris in gregem officio cura et fide, gregisque vicissim in pastorem amore, obsequio et reverentia diserta admonitione, eaque finita Eucharistiæ a frequenti gravissimorum hominum coetu perceptione et ad extremum omnium communi et ardenti oratione, ut munus jam illi impositum maxime cedat ad Dei gloriam, gregis salutem, suæque conscientiæ laetum testimonium, cum coram Domino gesti muneris rationem sit redditurus." From the copy in the Grenville Library, 11,757, compared with the MS. copy in C. 24, b. 6.

tained Haddon's epitaph destined for Parker's tomb. But before 1574 the Life of the 70th Archbishop had somehow got into the hands of the Puritans and spread to the Continent. I must return to this last point directly, but what impresses me more than anything else in the *De Antiquitate* is the fact that though, according to Mgr. Barnes' theory, 107 folios of the Register had been cancelled and rewritten in 1564 just for the purpose of stating that all the four consecrating prelates had pronounced the words "Take the Holy Ghost, etc."; in this account, prepared under Parker's own eye and printed at his own press in 1572, nothing is said of this presumably vital detail. This seems to me to accord ill with the intense pre-occupation about, and consternation at, the discovery of Barlow's lack of Orders, which Mgr. Barnes attributes to Elizabeth and her ministers.¹

But let us return to the Puritan satire on Parker's Life, which was published abroad in 1574, probably at Geneva.² The writer (Stubbs?) had evidently seen copies of the *De Antiquitate* which omitted this section, but he also had seen one which contained it. It is to the Life of Parker that most of his space as well as his title is devoted. The book professes to be a translation, but it is only an extremely loose summary, leaving out sections not to the writer's purpose. It is, however, clear that he had before his eyes that passage already quoted in Latin in a footnote, above, which describes the consecration. The writer paraphrases part of it thus:

But amongst things which happened to him in his life, worthy of memory, I rejoice especially for this his felicity that whereas after Augustin, the first Archbishop, he was the seventieth, yet he was both the first and only man that attained unto the archbishopric without any blemish or spot of old wives' superstitions and unprofitable ceremonies of the Romish pope; for as every one of them entered first hereunto by bulls of approbation sent from the pope, he was consecrated neither with these nor any other old and idle ceremonies of Aaron's ornaments, neither with gloves, nor sandals, nor slippers, nor mitre, nor pall, but more chastely and religiously according to the purity of the Gospel,

¹ "The discovery of the terrible mistake which had been made in allowing Barlow to act as consecrating bishop in the initiation of the new hierarchy must have come as a thunder-stroke to the authorities of the English Church" (p. III).

² *The Life off the 70 Archbishopp of Canterbury, presentlie sittinge.* Englished and to be added to the 69 lately sett forth in Latin. Imprinted, MDLXXIIII.

four bishops being appointed, according to a law made in that behalf, which placed him in his chair with so Godly promises protested by him, as it is meet should of a gospel pastor.¹

In the supplementary notes the pamphleteer makes clear Parker's responsibility for the Life:

And because you shall not think that you have here a horse's neck joined to any other than horse's body, understand you that this seventieth cometh out of the very same shop that other sixty-nine did. . . . The very Latin original hereof came from the archbishop's own hands whose conscience can best inform us the truth of his own story. . . . Another badge it hath of his that never fails but makes it his perfect will and his undoubted deed; that is, the stamp of his own arms, descended, as he saith, of his ancient house, intermarried with those of his see, which is a superstitious pall all double crossed or pierced through with that arch-pastoral or arch-papistical staff. . . . And if his handwriting could give any strength unto it, that is also not wanting, for this word *historiola* is written with his own hand in red ochre letters upon the brow of the book, that by this ochre-marking he may know his own sheep.²

I have left myself little space to discuss several other points on which I should have liked to touch, but a word must be said on Francis Thynne's supplement to R. Holinshed's Chronicle, printed in 1587. It is a long insertion in the text, which appears with this separate heading: "The lives of the archbishops of Canturburie, written by Francis Thin in the yere of our redemption 1586." The whole account is founded on Parker's *De Antiquitate*. In this, after mentioning the date, 17 Dec. 1559, Thynne goes on:

He was consecrated in the presence of four bishops; which were William, Bishop of Chichester, John, Bishop of Hereford, Miles, sometime Bishop of Exeter, and Richard (*sic*), Bishop of Bedford.

The rest is simply a summary of Parker, a large quotation being made in Latin. It is, of course, known that this insertion about the Archbishops, with one or two other items of Thynne's supplementary matter, was banned by the Privy Council. But the fact that these excisions included "A Des-course of the Earles of Leicester" and a "Catalog of the Lord Wardens" suggests that the cause of the condemnation

¹ Sig. B. iii.

² Sig. E. v.

was, as the *D.N.B.* suggests, "the freedom with which contemporary events were treated."

But of all the many new views propounded in Mgr. Barnes' later pages it is perhaps his treatment of the description of the consecrations of Parker and Curteis, as found in Parker's Register, with which I should find it hardest to agree. I can detect nothing incongruous in the account entered in the Register, even though it is prolific in details about chairs, cushions, vesture, etc. In the first case, the Protestants were inaugurating, or believed they were inaugurating, a new order of things. It was undoubtedly true that this was the first time that an Archbishop of Canterbury had been consecrated, as Parker phrased it in his *De Antiquitate*, "without stinking popish superstition,"¹ without bulls from the Pope, without gloves, ring, mitre, and the rest. What more natural than that the registrar should give a full description of the ceremonies used and draw up the record to serve as a norm for future Anglican consecrations? And it is certain that this account which Mgr. Barnes finds so preposterous, with its details of the position of tables, chairs, hangings, and vesture, did, at any rate for several years, fulfil just that purpose. Thus, for example, when Grindal was consecrated Bishop of London in the same Lambeth chapel four days afterwards, we are told in Parker's Register that "the said chapel was so adorned as is described in the Acts of Consecration of the said most Reverend Father" (Parker). Moreover, with regard to the ritual followed it is stated in the same account that "those ceremonies and rites were employed which are set out in the Acts of Consecration of the aforesaid most Reverend Father." As time went on, the registrar was inclined to abbreviate his description. In Jewell's case, for example, we are still told that the Archbishop "bestowed the gift of consecration after the manner and form employed for the consecration of the most Reverend Father himself," but in the case of Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, on September 1, 1560, the registrar is content to mention that "those ceremonies were employed which are to be observed according to the present use of the English Church" (*adhibitis cæremoniis, de usu moderno Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ adhibendis*).

But the most startling of all Mgr. Barnes' speculations is the theory he has formed regarding the long and detailed

¹ See footnote, p. 49.

account found in Parker's Register of the consecration of Bishop Curteis (May 21, 1570). He regards this as the greatest degradation of Parker's career. He talks of the lessons to be learnt from our criminal annals. He tells us how wrongdoers are impelled to visit the scenes of their former misdeeds, and by that very fact are often caught and convicted. And so, he goes on, Parker was tempted, in 1570, to have inserted in his Register another falsified record. "The weak part of the former record is that it is absolutely unparalleled by any other similar record in any Register. . . . He could not create a precedent, and insert a similar description for an earlier bishop, but he could at least provide a parallel, and it should be unique no more."¹ The answer seems to be extremely simple. Up to this date all Parker's consecrations had been performed in a small chapel, almost invariably at Lambeth. In 1570 he went to Canterbury, and intended at the time to remain there. Canterbury Cathedral being quite different in its arrangements from Lambeth, the norm hitherto followed regarding the position of seats, table, hangings, cushions, etc., was no longer serviceable, so a new precedent had to be established. So far from the Canterbury programme being a replica, as Mgr. Barnes calls it, of the Lambeth account, it differs in numberless smaller details. What makes this explanation, to my mind, practically a certainty is the fact that on the day after the consecration of Curteis, there took place, also in Canterbury Cathedral, the "Confirmation" of Grindal, now translated to the archiepiscopal See of York (May 22, 1570). Here again we have details given (less profusely, of course, as in a simpler matter) about the hour of the ceremony, the seats, the doors by which the bishops entered, etc. Will Mgr. Barnes maintain that this was just another subtle touch, inserted to lend countenance to the account given of the ceremony on the previous day?²

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *Bishop Barlow*, p. 162.

² Many points upon which I should have liked to comment must for lack of space be passed over. I can only urge that an error in a name or a title does not always prove a document to be forged. John Hodgkins, Suffragan of Bedford, appears in the Queen's letters of December 6th as *Richard*, a mistake which was perpetuated (see above). Further, Bale in 1559 was not Bishop of Ossory. Similarly, Parker's Register not only describes Bullingham five times over as Archdeacon of Lincoln, but makes Parker say (fol. 122 b) that he himself had consecrated Curwen, though Curwen had been consecrated by Bonner in 1555.

FORT REGENT

VI.

"**T**HERE has been an accident—just down there, quite near here," the stranger in grey flannel had explained, rather breathlessly, for he had clambered very hastily up the cliff, and, once at the top, had been running.

Norah and Eileen came, at the sound of voices, out of their room, and stood now at the door of it.

"Children," said their eldest sister, "run, one of you, to father in the garden and tell him to come up. The other can come with me, and this gentleman can show us where the accident happened."

Eileen set off at once in obedience to Patsy's direction.

"I hope," said the latter, "the accident's not serious."

"I don't quite know. He has broken his leg, I'm afraid: and the pain, I suppose, made him faint. He looked like death for a minute or two."

"We'd better take some brandy with us," Patsy decided. "And we'll take down that wicker lid—we'll have to wait till father gets up here, for he has the keys of the store. At least you can, Norah; but, no, let you and the gentleman go on with the brandy, and I'll wait at the gate for father."

She went into their own quarters, and returned with a flask, which she handed to the stranger. It did not suit her ideas that her sister should carry the spirit-bottle.

They went off, and presently the young man said:

"My name is Lynch, but my brother's is Harden—it is my brother who has had the accident."

Norah, who saw the stranger's distress, thought he must be a good brother, and said a word or two of sympathy very kindly.

"Our name," she added, "is O'Lone."

"That sounds Irish, anyway," Mr. Lynch remarked, smiling, though less brightly than if he had not been thinking how much pain his brother was probably suffering.

"Isn't yours?" Norah retorted.

"Oh, yes! And by descent I am Irish—half Irish. My

father came from Connaught, but my mother was English: my brother's mother too, you know. And *he's* English altogether."

("Protestant, I suppose"), thought Norah, instantly deciding that Mr. Harden would not prove so nice as his brother.

"Here comes father, with Patsy and Eileen," she said aloud, glancing back over her shoulder. She half paused in her step, as if to wait for them; but Mr. Lynch said:

"We'd better go on, because of the brandy. My brother might have fainted again."

"So we had," the girl agreed, moving on at once.

"I'm afraid it will be rather a rough scramble for you, down to the place," the young man told her. "I am sure it is wonderfully kind of you to come."

"Not kind at all. And, if your brother is as tall as you it'll take the five of us to carry him up—on the wicker lid."

"Oh, Henry is bigger than I am: and a little taller. What is the wicker lid?"

"It's the lid of one of the great basket-cases for the soldiers' soiled linen—but quite clean, you know. For there have been no soldiers in the Fort for years and years, and every year the soiled-clothes cases are scrubbed, and put out in the sun to dry and air. Being light for its size, and yet very strong, the wicker lid will be the very thing to carry Mr. Harden up on."

And so it proved.

He was still rather pale, when they found him, for the pain was extreme; but he had not fainted again, and was not anxious to use the brandy. Mr. O'Lone, however, who was a sympathetic creature, insisted: and it certainly seemed to do him good.

The leg was undoubtedly broken, and rather badly broken. Patsy proved a good hand at "first aid," a phrase she had never heard, and perhaps hardly invented then. She had herself brought down an "ironing-board," longish and narrow, and covered with tightly sewn-on blanketing. Without this under the broken leg the patient would have suffered more in being lifted on to the wicker lid. He must have suffered, as it was, but he was a very cheerful person, not at all inclined to make a fuss about himself, and would not show or admit it.

"Father," said Norah, "if you go in front, don't lift your

end too high going up the path—it's so steep. Mr. Harden will be apt to slip downwards. You'll keep your end up, won't you, Mr. Lynch?"

The twins went one at each side, each trying to help in carrying: Patsy took her place by Mr. Lynch, as his hands were fully occupied in the work of carrying. She helped in that work, but only with one hand, with the other carefully holding the patient lest he *should* slip.

("Norah's got their names pretty pat"), she thought.

("One of 'em's Irish anyway"), thought her father. ("It's a wonder 'twasn't he broke his leg. With only one broken leg going it's a wonder the Irishman missed it.")

VII.

"They're nice young men," Norah was remarking, "the both of them. But Mr. Harden's not equal to his brother. Mr. Lynch is nicer."

"Well, he's Irish," said Eileen. All the same she did not agree with her sister and preferred Harden.

"So they are brothers, and one Irish and one English," Patsy put in: they were all together in their own kitchen, each doing something for their guest and patient. One of the many empty rooms had been hastily prepared for him as a bedroom, and into the bed their father and his friend were now getting him. As soon as that task should be accomplished Mr. O'Lone was to show Mr. Lynch the way to Renouf's farm, where a "trap" could be hired in which he was to drive to St. Marc for the doctor.

"I suppose," Patsy observed, "the Irish one's a Catholic."

"Perhaps they both are," said Eileen hopefully.

"Maybe so," her elder sister admitted. "Anyway, the other has his leg broken, and we must be doing what we can to make him comfortable. He knows how to behave anyway, and speaks nice when any little thing's done for him. It's my belief he has a lot of pain, though he laughs and chats and keeps cheerful about it. We'd better make up the other bed in the same room: it's large enough for a dozen, and it'll be handier for Mr. Lynch: he wouldn't be easy in another room."

Mr. Lynch and their father presently came in. He began at once thanking Patsy for all her kindness.

"We're giving you a dreadful lot of trouble," he said,

"and my brother is quite ashamed. We really are very sorry to be such a nuisance."

Though Norah had been his first friend he addressed himself chiefly to her elder sister, unconsciously showing that he recognized in her the ruling spirit and pivot of the family. Norah knew it as well as he, and thought it quite natural: besides he had *met* Patsy first, though it was she who had been first informed of his name, and had, so far, had most talk with him. What she did not notice, though Patsy did, was that the young man's glance, as it was turned for a moment her way, had a special friendliness, and seemed to show that he was quite alive to her prettiness.

("I'm glad," thought Patsy, "it's he that's the Catholic.")

But Patsy was wrong: neither of the brothers was a Catholic.

"And now," Lynch went on, "if Mr. O'Lone would be so kind as to show me the way to Renouf's farm, I must be getting off to find the doctor."

"And we," said Patsy, "will go to your brother's room, and be making up your bed there. We've aired the sheets and blankets. And then we can sit a bit with him, so he shan't be lonesome. P'raps he can doze a while after his tea. And you must have your own tea before setting out—see, it's all ready, and the dear knows when you could get your tea if you went off now without it."

VIII.

It was past eight o'clock when Mr. Lynch returned with the doctor, and nine o'clock by the time the leg was set.

He confessed it was a nasty fracture, but was quite cheerful as to his patient's prospects.

"All the same it will take some time, and he'll have to lie where he is, and do as he's told."

"I'll see to that," Patsy declared with confidence.

"I'm sure you will," said the doctor, who had promptly perceived her to be a capable, decisive person. "You'd make a grand nurse, Miss O'Lone. There'd be no rebellion among your patients."

"Thank you kindly, doctor," Patsy retorted, "but I shouldn't like being a nurse at all, though my sisters and I will nurse Mr. Harden with pleasure. And as to rebellion I don't expect it."

"I don't advise him to try," said the doctor, laughing. Harden laughed too, and promised to remember he was in a military hospital and yield military subordination.

". . . Not only," he added, "to Miss O'Lone, whom you've put in command, doctor, but to Miss Norah and Miss Eileen too."

"Deed then," said Eileen, "I'd make a poor hand at commanding. So I hope you won't be wanting to do anything I ought to forbid unless Patsy's there to prevent you."

"Well, doctor," Mr. O'Lone put in, "it's me after all that commands this garrison. And my first order is to yourself. I know Patsy has some supper ready, and you'll just step round and eat it."

"So you must, doctor," said Patsy. "Though it's not much of a supper either, but plenty for all, and 'Welcome Sauce' the most of it. We make that ourselves."

The doctor, like the two brothers, was charmed with the Irish hospitality of the whole family.

As he stood at the gate, half an hour later, he expressed his satisfaction that his patient had got into such good quarters.

"Yes, indeed," Lynch agreed. "But I wonder if you could help us—we may have to trespass on these dear people's kindness for some weeks. We mustn't injure their pocket as well. Could you do this?—when you come to-morrow could you tell Mr. O'Lone, or Miss O'Lone, that my brother cannot be moved for a while, but that he would certainly insist on being moved unless they would agree to let us remain as lodgers, and say that we ought to pay just what we should have to pay if Henry was moved to a private hospital?"

"I'll try," the doctor promised, "but I doubt if I'll succeed. If Miss O'Lone makes up her mind to the contrary neither you nor I will move her. She's a strong character, and as proud as she's good-hearted."

And Patsy did make up her mind to the contrary. Guests she was willing to have, since it had pleased God to send them to her door, but lodgers she was determined not to have.

"If they are too proud to stay as our friends," she ended stoutly, "we're too proud to keep them as paying lodgers. They must go, and let 'em remember, after, they have offended us all."

IX.

Young Boady heard with some disgust of the presence of the two brothers at the Fort.

"Brothers too!" he scornfully remarked to his mother. "Different names, and different countries. Queer brothers."

Mrs. Boady, however, was if anything rather pleased.

"Well," said she, "let's hope they're good enough for them! You never was, but then you didn't drop from the skies with all your limbs broke, and no one knowing but you'd a couple o' wives and families somewhere."

"They're bachelors, you lay," said Young Boady, who was constitutionally pessimistic. "And their limbs *aren't* all broken," he added gloomily. "It's only the one, and *he's* only one leg broken. What's that? That won't keep even *him* quiet: talking London sort o' chaps like them'd need both their jaws broken to shivers to keep them from yapping. Eileen and Norah will be listening to 'em forever. Not but what I should think it would put Miss O'Lone about a bit."

"She'll listen to the doctor," Mrs. Boady surmised cheerfully. "It's that Doctor Pratt, a widower and all, with a little gal."

Neither she nor her son, however, went to the Fort. He indulged his gloom, and she her cheerfulness, at home.

Miss Grape was not displeased at the presence of the two strangers, and thought also with satisfaction of the frequent visits of the doctor. It seemed to her almost providential. Perhaps Mr. O'Lone's three daughters *would* all be removed from the Fort, in this creditable fashion: of their defenceless father she thought pitilessly. There was a large second-hand carpet in a shop at St. Marc that would make a drawing-room of one of the casemates, and she thought complacently of its cheapness, due to a bad burn on one side, which could easily be covered with a hearth-rug. She even thought of a piano in the same second-hand furniture shop. In process of removal through a first-floor window it had slipped and fallen into the street, irretrievably smashing its "insides." But as Miss Grape could not play, she didn't mind, and determined to keep it locked, and complain to visitors of the laxity of the tuner who never came when summoned.

Mr. O'Lone, unconscious of these dark plots, threw up no defences.

Meanwhile, life at the Fort was distinctly livelier. The guests were both of them pleasant, intelligent young men, whose talk was agreeable: and while Lynch played excellently on the zither, Harden had a delightful tenor voice. Both read aloud, and they had several books, including *David Copperfield* and *Our Mutual Friend*, to which the three young women and their father listened with a pleasure quite new to them. Patsy, indeed, to whom (as to her sisters) it was all real, found herself praying for the soul of David Copperfield's luckless, innocent mother, and for that of his child-wife. Perceiving in his formidable Aunt some reflex of herself, Patsy at first was almost as prejudiced against her as Peggotty had been: and only finally softened to her after Miss Trotwood's ruin. In Little Em'ly she refused to be interested: but for Betsy Trotwood's husband (after his death in the hospital) she found a prayer.

It was Lynch who read *David Copperfield* and Norah liked it best. By the time it was finished Harden was permitted to do the reading aloud, and Eileen secretly decided that *Our Mutual Friend* was a much nicer book than the other.

Patsy by that time knew that neither of the brothers was a Catholic, and was disposed to prefer Harden, partly because he was her patient, and partly because Lynch *ought* to have been a Catholic and wasn't. Not that it was his fault. His father, a very nominal Catholic, had married a Protestant, died and left his widow to bring the child up as she chose. She was not an irreligious woman, only quite ignorant and indifferent about religion: and perfectly incapable of instructing her elder son in *his* father's religion and her own: how could she instruct little Arthur in *his* father's? She did not attempt it, nor was she inclined to call in the aid of some Catholic: she knew no Catholics and would not have liked any stranger coming between her child and herself. Henry was only three years older than Arthur, for she had only remained a widow thirteen months, and presently the two little boys were attending the same day school, and later on went to a Protestant boarding school together. At that school they learnt more religion than they had ever been taught at home—which was not surprising: but of course it was not Catholicity.

All this Patsy O'Lone had now learnt: and it filled her with more than her original strong disgust of mixed marriages. The young men she liked, or would have liked had

she felt able to give way to her disposition to be even fond of them. But she was half afraid: by simply yielding to her natural, kindly impulse to grow fond of them she felt uneasily that she would be approving of the twins growing fond of them too. How could she approve of her sisters giving affection to two young Protestants?

At the very moment of the arrival of these strangers she had been praying that God would send some change into their life which would prevent her sisters from fading into an old-maidhood like her own. She could not help wondering at the odd way in which, so soon, an answer to her prayer had been given. Perhaps she ought to have let it alone and not so prayed. It was easy to see that the twins thoroughly liked the brothers: nor could she be surprised, though unwilling herself to give in unreservedly to the temptation to like and approve them. She believed the strangers to be good, respectable young men: they were pleasant, of good manners, honest, frank, courteous, and kind-hearted. Their talk was better talk than she or the twins had ever heard: their education was superior to Patsy's own, and she was well aware of it: so was their social standing. They were in business together and able, she had no doubt, to support a wife each in modest comfort.

But what was the good of all this if they were not Catholics?

X.

Patsy was constantly debating this crucial question with herself. "Was the coming of the strangers an answer to prayer?" or "Was it just an accident that might turn out a misfortune?"

"They've livened us up, that's certain," her father observed to her, one day when he was alone with her.

"Yes, they liven us up," she agreed—hesitatingly.

"Of course it throws more work on you," O'Lone added, perceiving the hesitation.

"They're welcome to the bit extra work," she said, without any hesitation at all. "I enjoy it. Father, I hope you don't think I'm grudging it. I hope *they* don't think it."

To Patsy's Irish hospitality it would have seemed almost a sin, quite a dishonour, to have given any such impression.

"No, my dear. No one could think you grudged the

trouble. Only I thought you didn't speak altogether pleased with their being here."

It was hard for her to answer this: she was shy, and utterly averse from gossip.

"I should be altogether pleased," she said, flushing up, "if it was only you and me was here. Their being Protestants can't hurt *us*."

She said no more, and her father said no more either, contenting himself with pondering this saying of hers. He certainly thought it might not be so lively for the young men if only he and Patsy had been there: all the same he understood her meaning.

"I suppose," he remarked ten minutes later, "you haven't said anything to them about it?"

"To Norah and Eileen? Dear, no! Nor I wouldn't. I wouldn't be putting ideas in their heads, nor making them think they were being watched, or be thinking I couldn't trust them."

"God bless ye, Patsy darlin', it's a good girl ye are," said her father, and that was the end of the little discussion.

Meanwhile between the four young people concerned there was no discussion at all—the two young men did indeed express to each other their appreciation of the family in the midst of which they found themselves, but it was of Patsy they said most—to each other. The twins hardly talked of their guests to each other, quite unaware that this silence was significant. Norah and Eileen were both, however, half-conscious that they were not authorized to give unreserved friendship to the strangers to whom they were more shy than Patsy seemed, who was really a far more shy person than was either of themselves.

But that very shyness of theirs attracted the young men, who would not have liked them so well had they been more "oncoming."

The sincere, quiet goodness of the whole family impressed the brothers. Their Catholicity was never obtruded, but always felt.

Harden and Lynch were quite able to understand that all the O'Lones were, in deference to their own Protestantism, careful not to be putting forward their different religion. But they were also clear-sighted enough to be aware that in reality that religion was the mainspring of the family life. It was there in each of them, in the father as in the daughters,

in the younger girls as in their more grave and serious sister. It gave the family a higher quality than it would otherwise have possessed. The young men felt that even the excellent manners of the family were a part, or an outcome, of its religion. And they felt, too, that its refinement, different from any refinement the brothers had known, was due to the same cause: for it was not due to "education," in the ordinary sense, nor to "culture." The brothers could not help knowing that they were themselves better "educated" than the O'Lones, and more "cultured": but they recognized in their entertainers a refinement of spirit, and heart, certainly not inferior to their own, and more deeply founded. The young men's respect for the whole family grew as rapidly as their liking for them. The liking was different in the case of each of them, and of each for each of their entertainers.

Oddly enough, perhaps, Harden and Lynch were alike in thinking Patsy the most remarkable of the O'Lone family. But Lynch's respect and liking for her was a little uneasy—he could not be sure that she approved of him. Harden was not afraid of her in the least, and she was pleased by his cheery absence of restraint. He sometimes chaffed her, and was constantly making her laugh, an experience rather rare with her, and not the less agreeable. Her sisters would listen with some surprise, and at first with some apprehension, but soon with extreme satisfaction. To hear the young man and their mother-sister laughing together gave them almost new lights as to that sister herself.

To tell the truth neither Lynch nor Harden did anything like justice at first to the twins. It was only as time went on and they knew them better that they saw the younger sisters were only overshadowed by the elder, that each had a character of her own, and would have thoughts of her own, when provided with subjects to think about: that Norah's merriment was distinct from Eileen's cheerfulness, and that neither was by any means a mere harmless blank as to mind: that these two young women were in fact girls, years younger than their age, unlighted lamps, but ready to be lighted and shine. Neither was at all silly, though neither was, or would ever be, in the least intellectual.

Eileen, Harden decided, was naturally clever, only she had read nothing, and heard nothing at second-hand of other people's reading, as many little-read girls do.

Lynch was not equally quick in surmising Eileen's cleverness, but he was very quick in appreciating Norah's gift and grace of sympathy. In spite of her mirth, and sense of the ridiculous, he soon found her "all kindness and tender heart." She was warmer-tempered than Eileen, but to Lynch she seemed also warmer-hearted: he did not know that, long ago, Norah had called Patsy the "Sergeant Major," but he believed that her love for the half-formidable elder sister was tenderer than Eileen's, more understanding, almost devout. Norah was "peppery," and was not always so complacently obedient to Patsy, but she, as Lynch thought, was more loving, and if she sometimes "plagued" her graver elder this very plaguing was almost a caress. Finally, Lynch had always thought Norah much the prettier of the two juniors, whereas Harden considered Eileen's slimmer and more graceful figure gave her an attraction quite outweighing Norah's more brilliant colouring.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

(To be concluded.)

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE NEWMAN MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

A GREAT genius may be long misunderstood and unrecognized; but in the end he is sure to impose himself and come into his own. Cardinal Newman is an instance in point. Even in his own country he was opposed and misjudged, and the objects he had in view were held to be suspect, not only by the adherents of the Church of England which he had left, but also by many of the foremost representatives of the Catholic body into which he had been received. If the highest dignity in that Church was ultimately awarded him, it is only an instance of the far-sightedness of Rome in singling out those of her children who, in any part of the world, have served her with distinction and loyalty, and used unparalleled powers of intellect in her defence. This sureness of recognition is not always to be found in other quarters. In spite of certain feeble attempts at *réclame*, the greatness of Newman remained generally unknown in France until the works of Brémond and Thureau-Dangin, at the outset of the century, brought him prominently to the notice of religious and literary circles.

In Germany, it has taken even longer to concentrate attention on the life and work of the English Cardinal. With the exception of a Memoir by Lady Blennerhassett, published in German some ten years before the war, and sundry articles in various periodicals, nothing much seems to have been done in that country to herald the fact that a new Augustine had appeared in the world, whose writings were of the first importance in dealing with the tendencies and problems of the present day. Since the war, however, it would appear that Newman has been "discovered" in Germany, and a band of enthusiastic workers is engaged in spreading abroad the hitherto esoteric knowledge of the high place he occupies in the religious and intellectual world. We have before us a copy in German of certain devotional exercises of the Cardinal, published in the course of last

year, and it is already in its fifth edition. A more ambitious undertaking is a translation in ten volumes of his chief polemical, didactic, and oratorical works. Two of these volumes have so far appeared: the *Apologia pro Vita sua*, published in Mainz, and, issued by a Munich firm, *The Philosophy of Belief*, under which title no English reader would be likely to recognize *The Grammar of Assent*. The other volumes will appear in due course, if there be encouragement and support.

Another instance of the newly-awakened interest is the popular, but quite interesting and sympathetic Memoir written by Dr. M. Laros, of Geichlingen, for the "Religiöse Geister" Series, in course of publication by the firm of Matthias Grünewald, of Mainz. Dr. Laros is evidently a keen admirer of Newman, whom he calls the "pride of his nation." He does not fear to compare him with Dante or with Pascal, and sets his work on a level with that of St. Augustine of Hippo. In the world of literature he considers him to have been an artist of the very first rank, a writer whose limpid prose is of the Attic order, one who must always take his place amongst the classics of the English tongue. But still more is he appreciative of the intellectual message which Newman had to deliver, and of which the beauty of his language was only the outward vesture and form. What we are perhaps most specially indebted to him for, he tells us, is that he has shown us how to steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of modern controversies by combining the old and the new, the tradition of primitive times with the spirit of progress of our own era. Before Darwin had appeared, or at least before the *Origin of Species* saw the light, Newman had published his epoch-making Essay on Development, which besides illumining many other horizons, was as arresting a chapter in Evolution as anything ever written by Darwin or Wallace. Herr Haecker, another writer in the series, and the translator of *The Grammar of Assent*, draws a comparison between Newman and Bergson, much to the advantage of the former. In his view James and Bergson, and others of the school, have in reality appropriated the leading ideas of the English Cardinal, but in doing so they have debased them, and resolved them into a pragmatism: which is totally foreign to his spirit and character, and even to the letter of the treatise in question.

Dr. Laros is far from allowing that we of the twentieth

century have outlived Newman's work, and that the writings of the master have only to do with controversies and conditions which are past and forgotten. On the contrary, he contends the main problems faced by Newman are still with us. On the one hand, we find the same spirit of unrest, of inquiry, and eager anticipation, the same love of novelty, of daring generalizations, the same expectation that modern progress is on the point of revolutionizing the world of thought as well as the order of Nature. On the other, there are still many religious-minded men in the Church, who live in the twentieth century as if they belonged to the twelfth, who are reluctant to admit the possibility of advance on the ideas prevalent in bygone ages, who belittle the efforts and research of their contemporaries, and would choke any attempt on the part of their co-religionaries to reconcile the old order with the new. Cardinal Newman spent his life in conflict with these two classes of men, and because they are still vigorous and active, he may be said to be a man of our time as well as of his own: *defunctus adhuc loquitur*.

It may not be uninteresting to recall that one of these German disciples of Newman looks upon it as a special disposition of Providence that "the greatest, the noblest, the most successful apologist of the Catholic faith in recent times, should have been a British subject." And he founds his assertion on the fact that, as a result of the war, world-supremacy, in both the political and economic orders, has passed to the Anglo-Saxon race, *i.e.*, to Britain and America, and accordingly it is of the highest interest to the Church and to religion in general that leaders and teachers such as Newman should originate in these lands, so that their influence may radiate with greater ease and freedom, and "their sound may go forth into all the earth."

W. J. C.

"MORGAN OF THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL."

IN a recent work, *A Century of Persecution*, by Canon St. George Hyland, D.D., Ph.D. (1920), the following statement is made: "As late as the year 1591 a certain Father Morgan was understood to be at Sutton Park, in hiding, and indeed to have frequented the place. Sir William More was ordered by the Council to make search for him 'in the most secret and substantial manner and then to apprehend him if possible.'" Sir William More of Loseley

received this order from the Privy Council, dated June 14, 1591:

"After our hearty commendations. We are to require your secret and effectual dealing in this cause. One Morgan sometime of her Majesty's Chapel, an obstinate and seditious papist, and such a one as for good causes we would gladly have apprehended, hath wandered in lurking sort up and down this great while from place to place and is now thought to be in Sutton, either in or about Sir Henry Weston's house, or at least if he be not now there, it is known that at times by starts he useth to come thither, in secret sort, and perhaps not called by his right name."

Canon Hyland comments on this:

"Who this Father Morgan was, I have been unable to ascertain. There is in a list of Recusants at the Record Office for 1581 the name of Polidore Morgan imprisoned in the Gatehouse. Can it be that he was one of the Maryan clergy who was for a time imprisoned and then escaped? The clause 'sometime of her Majesty's Chapel' seems to indicate that he was a chaplain of Queen Mary. Or, of course, it might be that he had at one time conformed and been employed by Queen Elizabeth, and then again recanted. What matters is that he was now living as a Catholic priest, and evidently risking his life for the Catholic cause. We have no further information about him."

Before disclosing the identity of "Morgan of the Queen's Chapel," I may at once dismiss the idea that he was a "Maryan" priest, or that he was identical with Polidore Morgan. He was certainly not a priest, although Canon Hyland names him "Dr. Edward Morgan, priest and martyr"—and his name was not Edward, nor was he a martyr, although he may with all confidence be ranked as a confessor.

A clue to Morgan's identity is actually given in the above order of the Privy Council, in which he is correctly described as "sometime of her Majesty's Chapel." In other words, Morgan was a former Gentleman of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel. A glance at the *Cheque Book of the Chapel Royal* (Camden Society, 1872) reveals the fact that on December 9, 1567, Nicholas Morgan was sworn a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in room of William Huchins.

The next clue we get as to Nicholas Morgan is an account of his having fled, for conscience sake, from England, to—

gether with Thomas Morris, also of the Queen's Chapel, in May, 1582. This account is given by Cardinal Allen in a letter to Father Agazzari, S.J., Rector of the English College, Rome: "Two notable musicians, married men, have fled from the Queen's Chapel, and are said to be going to Rome to exercise their art and gain a living by it; and by this the Queen is said to be mightily offended. They are at present at Rouen, but intend to come here [Rheims]." Two days later (July, 1582), Cardinal Allen again wrote to Father Agazzari, S.J., telling him that the name of one of these two Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal was Morris, but he does not give the name of Morgan, whom, however, he thus implicitly mentions: "Another singer [Morgan] is at Rouen on his way to us, a colleague in the Queen's Chapel, who is far superior to him [Morris]." In the Douay Diaries, under date of August 9, 1582, this entry appears: "John Dolman, of gentle birth, and Mr. Thomas Morris, a musician, were sent to Rome."

Nicholas Morgan did not go to Rheims, nor yet to Rome, but stayed for some years in Paris. A glimpse of him may be found in a letter written by the famous Irish composer, John Dowland, to Sir Robert Cecil, dated November 10, 1595. "Fifteen years since I was in France and lay in Paris, when I fell acquainted with one Smith, a priest, and one *Morgan, sometimes of her Majesty's Chapel*, one Verstegan who broke out of England, being apprehended, and one Morris, a Welshman, that was our porter, who is at Rome." Of course, "fifteen years since," is merely a round number, and Dowland's memory played him a slight trick, but the actual date was July, 1582.

The next clue we get to the after-career of Nicholas Morgan is in the recent volume, *Les Musiciens de la Sainte Chapelle du Palais, Documents inédits, recueillis et annotés par Michel Brenet* (1910), from which it appears that he got employment as a stipendiary in the French Chapel Royal. Here are two pertinent entries:

"1583. 23 Juillet. Don de 10 écus a ung pauvre englès chantre qui a chante avec les compaignons en l'eglise de ceans."

"1583. 3 décembre. M. ont ordonné au recepveur de donner à Nicolas Morgan, Anglois, pauvre honteux, la somme de 10 escuz en considération de ce qu'il a esté chassé et expulsé de sa patrie pour voulloir mourir catholicque et

pour n'avoir voullu suivre les huguenotz. Joint qu'il se range tous les jours a l'eglise de ceans pour chanter sa partie de haulte-contre au cœur et à l'aigle."

From the *Calendar of State Papers* (Foreign Series), under date of December 27, 1583, we get the next notice of the English singer, in a letter from Sir Edward Stafford, English Ambassador at Paris, to Walsingham: "All the fugitives here [Paris] come to visit Lord Paget, as William Tresham, *Morgan of the Chapel*, Owen Wendon, Reynolds, but the Scottish Ambassador's mignon and the other Morgan who has never come."

Morgan continued in the service of the French Chapel Royal from 1583 to 1587, as is evident from the three following entries in Mdle. Brenet's book:

"1584. 23 Juin. Aumône de 12 escuz a Nicolas Mauregan."

"1585. 9 dec. Don de 10 écus a l'anglois chante, en forme d'aumone, et pour la residence actuelle et debvoir quil faict au service de la Ste. Chappelle."

"1586. 8 Mar. Le même jour, don de 10 écus, par aumône, a Morgant, pauvre engles fugitif de son pays pour estre catholique."

Evidently, from the Loseley MSS., as quoted by Canon Hyland, Morgan had returned to England in 1588-9, and had been "spotted" by some spies in the early part of the year 1591, as having frequented the house of Sir Henry Weston, of Sutton Park, near Guildford. This nobleman, though a dissembling Protestant, was a patron of musicians, and hence Morgan had been retained by him; in fact, he harboured priests; and, as is well known, several Catholic relics were found in the chapel of the house, in 1850, including a part of the skull of Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, and a rib-bone of the Venerable Robert Sutton, who was martyred at Stafford in 1588 (*Lives of the English Martyrs*, Second Series, 1914).

I can find no trace of Nicholas Morgan after the year 1591, and probably he died some months after the warrant from the Privy Council (June 14, 1591) to arrest him. Anyhow, the evidence here brought forward is convincing as to the identity of Morgan of the Queen's Chapel. He was a famous musician, a layman, and a married man, and suffered exile for his devotion to the Catholic faith—a veritable Confessor.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**The Hague
Conference.**

At the moment and for the moment there is a lull in Europe. There is no actual fighting; no ultimatums are being bandied about; and the commission of experts, suggested by the Russians on May 11th has begun its sessions at The Hague. There are in fact two commissions, one entirely Russian and the other entirely non-Russian, which have for reference an inquiry into the economic state of Russia. America stands out of the commission on the grounds that the Russian Memorandum of May 11th does not guarantee recognition of the ordinary moral basis for commercial intercourse between civilized States. In other words, the Bolshevik doctrinaires asked for credits and almost in the same breath repudiated their country's responsibility for previous loans. America has done and is doing more than the rest of the world combined to alleviate the famine in Russia, and therefore no reproach can attach to her attitude, which is, after all, in principle that of all the nations joining in the commission. No one is going to have dealings with Russia on the basis of Bolshevik ethics and economics, but the European nations feel that these can be more effectively combated by coming into contact with the men that hold them than by keeping aloof and so perpetuating European chaos. They have in fact been since explicitly repudiated by the Soviet Government. If the result of the Hague Conference is the restoration of Russian credit, the vast international machine can at last be set working again. People who object that, because we have little direct trade with Russia, the result one way or another will not affect us, show ignorance of the conditions of world commerce, any stoppage in the arteries of which is bound to disorganize the whole. The restoration of Russia to civilization is Europe's first need.

**German
Reparations.**

And the second is the solution of the question of German reparations. It is quite clear that France, the one country of the Allies which has been purposely and grievously devastated and which has incurred and is incurring enormous expense in making the damage good, is morally entitled to full compensation. It is equally clear that full compensation can be enforced from a reluctant Germany only at the cost of an indefinite postponement of European peace and prosperity, and the continuance of the war-atmosphere for generations. The question is how to satisfy France's just claims and yet avoid those disastrous consequences. The international Bankers' Committee assembled at Paris reported on June 12th that the question of a loan to Ger-

many could not be considered unless the Allies unanimously consent to the Reparations question being reconsidered, but against this France holds out inflexibly. There remains, it would seem, nothing for the Allies to do but to give France indirect alleviation by remitting their own claims upon her which in any case stand little chance of ever being paid. The United States are not disposed to act thus until armaments are reduced (there are more men under arms in Europe now than in 1914) and there is a real prospect of a return to stable peace conditions but, as the distinguished economist, Mr. Hartley Withers, suggests in the *Saturday Review* (June 17th), if Great Britain would take payment of the debts owed by her European Allies (about 1,100 million pounds) in German Reparation Bonds and then cancel them, the effect would be that the balance of the German indemnity could be paid much more easily, and the general position greatly improved. There may be objections to these heroic measures perceptible to economists, but we fancy that the return of Europe to normal conditions would outweigh them all. The continuance of war policies is dooming millions to misery through unemployment, and draining away the earnings of the well-to-do in taxation for the maintenance of armies and the support of the workless.

**Why not
Use the League
of Nations.**

We are amongst those who, following the counsels of the Vicar of Christ,¹ which are also the suggestions of common sense, have pleaded for the establishment of national security by means, not of national armaments, but of international guarantees. Yet the League of Nations, set up four years ago by the Versailles Treaty, has not yet been allowed to exercise its proper functions under the Covenant. The guarantee which France naturally desires against possible German aggression, and which would enable her to cut down her enormous and crushing armament, is already secured by Article 10 of the League, whereby all the members (now numbering 51 several States) contract "to respect and preserve as against external aggression" each other's "territorial integrity and existing political independence." Article 21 which contemplates "regional understandings for securing the maintenance of peace" might cover a further agreement, internal to the League, if the general guarantee were thought insufficient. Nothing is more ominous for the future peace of the world than the reluctance of statesmen to use the instrument to their hand on the pretence that it is not perfect. Meanwhile,

¹ Let us recall the Pope's memorable words in his first Genoa letter: "International animosities, the melancholy legacy of the war, work to the detriment even of the victors, since they prepare for all a future fraught with fear. It should not be forgotten that the best guarantee of security is not a hedge of bayonets but mutual trust and friendship."

in default of this instrument, the military men, as is their duty, and the armament makers (including manufacturers of aeroplanes for civil purposes), as is their interest, harp on the necessity of seeking security in national strength, and the public mind, provided with no antidote from press or platform, is gradually being habituated to the consideration of "the next war." Germany is still "the enemy." The *Daily Mail* prints daily, as a sort of motto, a frenzied adjuration to watch the militarists in Germany, and every effort of that country to recover her position in the world's trade is pilloried in the anti-German press as a "blow to British interests," "a menace to the Empire," and so forth—the old evil hypocritical cant which is the antithesis to international fair dealing. Of course Germany is taking advantage of every opportunity to better her position at the expense of those who insist on being her rivals, and if she is trying to evade wherever she can the onerous conditions of a dictated peace, she is only doing what her rivals would do in similar circumstances. Our "patriotic" press needs just a little common sense and more than a little of the spirit of the Golden Rule.

**Futile
Preparations
for War.**

Meanwhile, we get little consolation from the military men in their efforts to provide for war contingencies. It is universally agreed that the science of aviation, which must necessarily

grow constantly towards perfection, combined with the science of chemistry, now being devoted to discovering new means of destruction instead of new aids to human welfare, will dominate any future war; the objective of which, so much has the Great War done to set back civilization, will be the civil populations of the belligerent countries. A certain Major Lefebure has been writing much on the possibilities of "chemical warfare," and Marshal Foch, in a preface to a French translation of the Major's work, enlarges on the probability of Germany, deprived of an ordinary military force by the Peace Treaty, using her supremacy in chemical manufacture to further this new fashion of fighting. "Wherefore," says the Marshal, with the rigid logic of the military mind, "chemical warfare ought to enter into our calculations and our preparations for the future, if we wish to avoid a formidable surprise." Herein he perceives a danger which menaces France and Great Britain, but the only preventive that occurs to him is for France and Great Britain to become a menace to Germany! It is plainly not to the military mind, which is bound to envisage possibilities, nor to the average politician, under the sway of a thousand hidden influences, that we must look for a rational provision against future dangers, but to the common people who have to do the fighting and who gain nothing by it. We need a public opinion, set against war as a method of settling

disputes or defending interests, and determined to employ reasonable methods of arbitration which civilized men in each nation employ. The fact that war, as now pursued, may harm the conqueror as much as the conquered and bring calamity even to non-combatants may reinforce the argument from higher principles. Let all the nations be got into one League of Peace, so that the ambition may be checked and harmony fostered and the common interests of humanity secured. This is an ideal, but one much more worthy of pursuit and much more capable of attainment than the suicidal effort to be stronger than all possible rivals, and lose the national soul in trying to save it.

**America
and the League
of Nations.**

A notable American lawyer, Mr. James M. Beck, Solicitor-General of the United States, has lately been criticizing the League of Nations in London, as he has every right to do. The present League is defective not only because it is not all-inclusive, but because of its tendency to differentiate between sovereign nationalities on the score of size and importance. It will be made all-inclusive as soon as it is evident that it is to the advantage of each nation to belong to it. The preponderance given to the Great Powers, which, however natural, is juridically equivalent to taking into account a man's wealth and position in cases of civil law, can be to some extent counteracted by the grouping of smaller Powers into legal units. But the objection which Mr. Beck puts first as fundamental—that the League of Nations interferes with the principle of sovereign States—may be met very easily. No nation is bound to join the League and every nation is free to leave it. Therefore a voluntary cession of some portion of sovereignty for a greater advantage cannot be said to derogate from the principle, or else every citizen that submits to the common law makes an unlawful sacrifice of his human liberty. The principle of absolute sovereignty is diminished in every international contract, and in face of the moral law it does not obtain at all. And a further argument of Mr. Beck's to the effect that the cosmopolitan character of the American population makes the country less free to join such a League, whereas there is nothing to prevent an Anglo-American alliance, seems to us to tell in exactly the opposite sense. We hope that Mr. Taft, Chief Justice of U.S.A., who is also paying us a visit and who is a hearty believer in Leagues for Peace, represents the mind of America more faithfully than does Mr. Beck.

**The New
Irish
Constitution.**

The recent Irish elections hold promise of a more settled state of affairs in that distracted country. The supporters of the Treaty, in spite of an attempt at a "coupon" election made for the sake of peace, have been returned in a substantial majority. It

remains to be seen whether its opponents are ready to take the verdict of the constituencies as a declaration of the popular will, which the second article of the Free State Constitution declares to be the source of "all powers of government and all authority, legislative, executive and judicial," according to the common understanding of democracy. That Constitution has still to be discussed in the Dail, but any amendments which may result from the discussion must be in accord with the Treaty already accepted by the Parliaments of both peoples. The Republican contention is that the circumstances which caused that Treaty to be accepted deprive its provisions even of their face-value. Moreover, the essential unity of Ireland is not recognized; the Free State is called a "co-equal member of the community of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations," but its equality with England, for instance, is negatived by an elaborate system of restrictions; the King's assent is necessary for the validity of all laws; the King's Privy Council is a final Court of Appeal, etc., etc.—in a word, the Constitution is not that of an Independent Republic. That of course is the fundamental issue between the two parties, an issue which has been decided by the elections. By a large majority the Free Staters prefer this imperfect recognition of their national rights, which is even described by some British journalists as a "generous concession," to a continued armed resistance in which there could be no prospect of ultimate success. On what democratic principle can they be denied their choice, which is all the more definite since the process of Proportional Representation gave the minority the full numbers they were entitled to? It is true that the counting of heads can never settle questions of right or wrong, but purely mundane questions, such as the form of a country's government, can on democratic principles be settled only by a preponderant majority. In the interests of that peace which Ireland has so long sighed for, we trust that the Opposition in the Irish Parliament will not show themselves intransigent or seek by force what persuasion has not granted them.

**Anarchy
in
Belfast.**

The shocking murder of Sir Henry Wilson, a noted Ulster leader, in the streets of London reminds us of what, assisted by the press, we are too apt to ignore, the religious war which for the past two years has been going on in Belfast, with which that deplorable event seems to have been in some way connected. The very fervour of our condemnation of the assassination in London should extend a like condemnation to those committed in Belfast in such numbers and with such impunity. Whilst prominence is given to accounts of similar crimes in Southern Ireland and sympathy excited for those who have been driven into

exile by violence—a horrible development of savagery of which Catholics everywhere must be whole-heartedly ashamed—we find little stress laid upon the Belfast outrages which have now been going on for two whole years. Efforts are made to show that this prolonged persecution of Catholics has a merely political origin, but such efforts cannot convince those who recall that the present "pogrom" differs only in intensity and duration from those which disgraced the city in 1864, 1872, 1886, and 1912—years when Sinn Fein was unheard of. Politics in Ulster has always been made the cloak of a hideous religious bigotry instilled from childhood into the very marrow of the Ulster Protestant and finding vent in annual rioting at the expense of Catholics. It is a relic of the abominable policy of Protestant Ascendancy introduced into Ireland by the Penal Laws. The Catholic population of Belfast is about one quarter of the whole, and they are deprived of the legal right to carry arms, whereas, as "Specials," thousands of their foes are fully equipped, yet the murders of Catholics greatly exceed those of Protestants, and are further aggravated by the destruction of hundreds of Catholic homes and the expulsion of Catholic workers from their employment. It is sad to own that there have been even a few reprisals on the part of Catholics, and it is only honest to admit that latterly the position of Catholics in Belfast has been grievously compromised by the unauthorized border warfare carried on by undisciplined Republican troops, but the 60,000 British soldiers in Ulster and the enormous local forces at the disposal of the Northern Government should surely be enough to afford protection to the Catholic minority, if there were any honest desire to do so. The sober pronouncement of the Irish Hierarchy on April 26th, backed up by the condemnation issued by the Irish Protestant Convention on May 11th, put the main facts beyond dispute, and they were acknowledged with some reluctance and much confusion of issues by Mr. Churchill on June 26th in the House of Commons. Under pressure of Orange extremists, and notwithstanding the British troops at its disposal, the Northern Government is allowing its Catholic subjects to be gradually exterminated, in the literal sense of the word, either by death or exile. The Bishops are not exaggerating when they compare this policy to that of the Turk in Armenia.

**The Conviction
of
Horatio Bottomley.**

Few people with any knowledge of public life could have read of Horatio Bottomley's recent conviction and sentence for fraud without exclaiming: "At last." But what a comment on our public life such an exclamation is! Here was a thief only distinguished from the pick-pocket and the shop-lifter by the magnitude and duration of his dishonesty, who had escaped conviction

several times already through some legal technicality: with a character so fly-blown for a score of years that association with him should have meant loss of caste,—yet he was enabled by the low state of public morality, the complaisance of politicians who used him as a tool, the fellow-feeling of financiers conscious of the legal toleration of usury, the gullibility of the mob apt to follow the loudest shouter, and by the unabashed prostitution of his own great talents, to pose for years as a sort of super-patriot, a devout lay-preacher, a friend and benefactor of the poor, and to live in open luxury on his ill-gotten gains. The politicians might have ostracized him, the Press could have exposed him, the commercial world should have cast him out, the public refused to listen to him, but in all these elements of society there was too much that was akin to the earthly ideals embodied in Bottomley to react as they ought have done to the evil. We did our utmost during the war to expose his impudent claims to voice this country's patriotism and expound this country's religion, but the secular press took the demagogue at his own valuation and suffered his influence and example to degrade public life. Now that same press is "pointing the moral" with exemplary force and directness: it is safe and fashionable now to do so. Some few of his friends mention the good he did in exposing various forms of rascality in *John Bull*, and objectively that is to his credit; but the gross materialism of his outlook, his gospel of force, his cult of mammon, even the religious emotionalism which he affected in the Sunday papers, were so much poison to the public mind. We notice here and there the usual sort of weak palliation offered for his conduct—"Bottomley," says one paper, "was constitutionally incapable of going straight about money"—which only tends to weaken the deterrent effect of the exemplary sentence pronounced upon him. It is "an admirable evasion" "to lay our goatish disposition to the charge of a star." Bottomley's tendency to go crooked is the common lot of unregenerate human nature, but most men, from one motive or another, manage to keep it in check. Great credit is due to the weekly journal, *Truth*, which from the first set itself to expose Bottomley's predatory finance to a careless public.

**End of
Engineering
Dispute.**

A momentary peace has returned to the industrial world through the settlement of the Engineering dispute. The men have returned to whatever work there is on terms dictated by the employers. All the ideas of the "reconstruction of industry" on a humane basis, which were so eloquently expounded during the war, seem to have been cast aside. The workman, miner or engineer, has once more become a "hand," to be used when "hands" are useful but otherwise ignored. Victory lies with the

Capitalists, and the Trade Union organization is for the time being broken and penniless. But only a very short-sighted employer can view this result with equanimity. The ideal of industry is the union of interests between labour and capital, and the consequent union of hearts and wills in work and management. The Engineering magnates have driven the men back to the bare wage-system, under which they feel they are being exploited for profits in which they have no proper share. The peace has all the defects of a dictated peace, and the conquered, beaten in the field, will naturally take every occasion of evading its provisions. Good-will is no less essential in the workshops than effective management, but the employers have done their best to destroy good-will. We have always contended that human dignity demands that the worker should have a voice as regards the conditions under which he has to work, and that therefore his claim to a certain share in the control of industry is morally valid. This claim the Engineering employers have rejected—a reversal of the whole policy towards industry adopted in the Whitley Report and acclaimed as the way to industrial peace.

The men on their side have lost everything and gained nothing. Their attitude was marked by all the imprudence and lack of statesmanship that has hitherto governed the policy of Labour in this country. They have now been compelled to do, after twelve weeks of misery, what their leaders advised them to do in November last—accept the Employers' terms pending better conditions of industry. But they chose to fight when trade was stagnant, unemployment rife, funds very low, and, of course, they lost. In face of these disastrous industrial struggles, which have repercussions far beyond the trades concerned, what, we ask, has become of those various organizations for improving the relations between employers and employed which were once so widely advertised?

**Variations of
Anglicanism.**

Anglicanism seems at present to be trying to fulfil its self-conferred function of being the meeting-ground of the various sects of Christendom, from the extremes of Romanism on the one side to those of Nonconformity on the other. De Maistre, as Anglicans are fond of asserting, attributed some such rôle to their Church, but nothing in fact was further from his mind. What he said was that Anglicans should be the first to join the Catholic Church and so give the lead to the others.

They have [he said], in order to reach the light, two inestimable advantages over the rest of those who have denied it,—advantages of which they have little suspicion: by the happiest of contradictions, their religious system contrives

to be at one and the same time the most obviously false and the most obviously close to the truth.

In other words, the author of *Du Pape* considers that they have fewer steps to take than the rest of the sects to reach the fold of Rome. But at present they are stepping in any direction rather than in that of Rome. An influential but unofficial party headed by Bishop Gore is making advances towards the East, the Lambeth Conference accepted inter-communion with the Church of Sweden, whilst, as the fruits of the "Appeal to all Christian People" issued by the same body two years ago, a Report on Church Unity has lately been issued by a joint committee of Anglican bishops and Nonconformist ministers. Unhappily, the net effect of these various *démarches* is to produce greater confusion than ever. The *Church Times* goes to the root of the matter in pronouncing all this searching for *formulae*, whereby real divergence of belief may be cloaked under an ambiguous form of words "intellectually dishonest." We might add there is no possibility of securing unity of belief by means of *any* creed or formula, without there being a living infallible authority to interpret its meaning. "The English Church Union"¹ is gravely disturbed by Lambeth's recognition of the Swedes, who are rank Lutherans. As for the statement to the Greeks regarding the theological position of the Anglican Church, it represents only the opinion of its signatories and is in violent disagreement with the Thirty-Nine Articles which, indeed, it practically throws overboard. Those who have read Dr. Fortescue's articles in THE MONTH (May, August, 1921) on the attitude of the Orthodox towards Rome and England will easily gather the probable fate of this document at the hands of the Holy Synod. A "Declaration of Faith" which does not command the adhesion of a single acting Bishop of the Establishment cannot be taken as authentic.

**No Rule
of Faith outside
the Church.**

All this maximizing and minimizing, this attitude of facing-both-ways, is very characteristic of a body which has no sure grasp of truth to start with and no solid basis of faith.

The Church Unity Report gives as "the supreme standard of truth" the sacred Scriptures—the old appeal to past writings which cannot interpret themselves: the signatories of the Declaration appeal to General Councils as supreme tribunals, leaving the one Church headless and voiceless in the intervals between them, and no one to decide which are General Councils. Neither party dares to speak in the name of God, and invite heretics and schismatics to submission to His Voice. Only those who are themselves uncertain about the range and the validity of their belief can offer to compromise it for the sake of a surface unity. The

¹ Report on the Resolutions of the Lambeth Conference. Part III.

Catholic Church may waive, as she has waived, uniformity in points of ritual and discipline: on points of faith and morality she is necessarily immutable. We have to thank *The Church Times* again (June 9th) for a word in season taken from the writings of "a very distinguished Frenchman," who voices in this particular the plainest common sense. "We know," he says, "that [external] union is only possible between those who are already united by community of faith." And community of faith, we also know, is not attainable except by obedience to the word of God revealed, not merely in the Scriptures or the Councils, but mainly in His Living Church, which guarantees Scripture and Council both.

**Denunciatory
Deans.**

The insecurity of their own foothold does not prevent eminent Anglican ecclesiastics from attacking the Church founded on a Rock. Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham, has apparently been long enough away from Calcutta to forget the castigation he received at the hands of the late Fr. Vincent Naish, S.J., for his strictures on Catholicism. Anyhow, lately at a London meeting he taught or implied the strange doctrine that the word of God should be preached in any given country only by citizens of that country, a doctrine which would have limited greatly the missionary activities of the Apostles and which directly contradicts their divine commission—"Teach all nations." Instead of realizing the Catholicity of the Church from the fact that of her missionaries in India few are subjects of the British Empire, he takes occasion of it to sneer at the Church in this country, whilst on the other hand he holds that the secular Government would be justified in keeping Catholic missionaries out of regions where Protestants are already at work. The mixture of religious intolerance with a braggart Imperialism to be found in his speech is characteristic of the man and his creed. Perhaps the Dean has not forgotten Father Naish after all.

The Dean of St. Paul's is an abler man than Bishop Welldon, but his culture has not saved him from shocking the Christian conscience of the land by his support of the Neo-Malthusians and from grossly misrepresenting, from time to time, the history and character of the Catholic Church. He, whose views on morality, voiced in the evening papers, are so frequently fallacious,¹ whose views on history are so distorted that he believes the Pope used to be called God,² dared at a lecture at the Royal Institution (June 8th) to assert that Catholicism was not a religion but a form of State and that it did not raise the tone of morality in the countries which had adopted it. On this showing Rome of the Emperors with its slavery, its nameless vice, its shocking

¹ V. THE MONTH, January, 1922: "Dean Inge and Suicide."

² *Ibid.* August, 1909.

cruelty its idolatry, was on a par with Rome of the Popes! If the Dean had contended that a man or a nation which professed Catholicism but did not practise it was worse than a Pagan we should have cordially agreed, but the ineptness of his generalizations is manifest from the multitudes in every age and country who, by their Christian lives, have exemplified in the Church her essential Note of Holiness. The lecturer has been effectively answered in the *Catholic Times*¹ by Canon Barry, who shows that his neo-Platonism has played sad havoc with his Christianity.

**Modernism
in Westminster
Abbey.**

Meanwhile, to cap everything, the Rev. Mr. Major, one of the Modernist Churchmen who startled his co-religionists at Cambridge last year by definitely "scrapping" the dogma of Bodily Resurrection, was chosen to preach on Trinity Sunday in Westminster Abbey. This, no doubt, has consoled him for the heresy-hunt of which he was the victim earlier in the year: to escape excommunication was much, but more to be selected as a representative Anglican to occupy the foremost pulpit of his Church on one of the principal feasts of the year. And what did he preach? Mere pragmatism. "The true test of orthodoxy is a Christ-like life and a Christ-like spirit." But can you lead a Christ-like life and have a Christ-like spirit unless you believe the mysteries Christ revealed in child-like submission of intellect? Mr. Major apparently regards all dogmatic propositions as mere speculations. Correct action is everything; correct thinking is of little importance; so the rest of the creed may go the way of the Resurrection of the Body, except in so far as it may be found to help to right living. We hoped, but in vain, to see a repudiation of this pernicious teaching in the *Church Times*: it was printed in *The Guardian* as the sermon of the week! The Rev. D. H. A. Major is head of an Anglican seminary and, of course, is in Anglican orders: so is the Rev. Spencer Jones, Rector of Batsford, yet the latter can write, in *The Counter Reformation*:

Along the course of Church history, over the Society our Saviour founded, always from the outset a prominent visible personage is disclosed: first in the Person of the Lord, Christ Jesus; next, in the person of St. Peter, and finally in the person of the Pope.

Truly a comprehensive Church!

**The
Movement against
Zionism.**

Not all the prestige of "our only diplomatist," the Earl of Balfour, could save the Government from a heavy defeat in the House of Lords on the Palestinian Mandate. The author (or rather the mouthpiece, for the Zionists drew it up) of the

¹ June 9th, 24th.

famous promise of November, 1917, relating to a Jewish National Home in Palestine, used all his eloquence in vain to persuade the majority of his fellow Peers that the terms of that promise as interpreted in practice were compatible with the mandatory principle and the Lords decided that the Palestinian mandate in its present form "directly violates the pledges made by H.M. Government to the people of Palestine [Arabs] in the declaration of October, 1915, and again in the declaration of November, 1918, and is, as at present framed, opposed to the sentiments and wishes of the great majority of the people of Palestine." No doubt the exposure in *The Times* by Mr. Joynson Hicks of the preposterous Rutenberg concession, whereby for seventy years practically the whole economic development of Palestine is to be handed over to a Zionist Jew as a monopoly, had something to do with this defeat, but, quite apart from that monstrous proposition, the whole situation, social, political and religious, produced in the Holy Land by this attempted "plantation" there of foreign Jews, against the wishes of its owners, is a fundamental violation of justice to which no promise, however solemn, could give validity. And the concession would be almost as objectionable even were it granted to a British firm. It was precisely to prevent what happened in the Congo and Putamayo, the exploitation of natives in the interests of foreign syndicates, that the system of mandates was devised. The new conception was one of the nobler theories born of the Great War, and one for which the civilized conscience should contend with all vigour.

**The
League of Nations
Flouted.**

Lord Balfour doubtless feels obliged to adhere to the promise which was officially at any rate his. But we doubt whether he sees any difficulty in doing so. He has not absorbed the new idea. It is perhaps too much to expect that, even after such an experience as the Great War, an old man should be able to change the modes and habits of thought of a life-time. Still we think that, even on the score of diplomacy, this veteran statesman should have chosen his words more carefully when he set out to define for the Council of the League of Nations the purport of the word "Mandate" as applied to the British government of Palestine. "A Mandate," he said, "is a self-imposed limitation by the conquerors on the sovereignty which they exercise over the conquered territories." Now the idea thus expressed is in flat contradiction with the idea of the Mandate as embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations. In Article 22 of that Covenant we read that to the backward peoples released from the sovereignty of the Teutonic Allies "there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples forms a sacred trust of civilization and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant."

How and on what terms this principle should be applied is then laid down:

The tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations, who, by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility . . . and this tutelage should be exercised by them as Mandatories *on behalf of the League*.

The comparatively advanced state of Palestine is further explicitly recognized:

Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development when their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized, subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by the Mandatory, until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory.

Contrast these words with this new Balfour declaration, which apparently regards the Palestinian Arabs as conquered peoples, allowed a certain measure of freedom at the discretion of their conquerors and owners. This is the old immoral "title of conquest" in its most offensive form. Implied in Lord Balfour's statement is the notion that we rescued Palestine from the Turks, dispossessed the brigands who held it by force and then—set the inhabitants free and restored their country to them?—no, took the place of their former masters and by "self-imposed limitations of our sovereignty," granted them some little share in the government of their country. No word in the Balfour definition recognizes responsibility to the League of Nations for the exercise of the "sacred trust of civilization" committed to us *by that body*. The brutal words "conquerors" and "conquered" give plausible colour to the cynical accusation that this talk about Mandates "for the well-being and development of backward races" is but a cover for the old naked discredited Imperialistic policy of grab. And persistence in a policy in such direct contradiction to the League constitution and our previous promises to the Arabs would certainly show that the financial interests which procured the promise to the Zionists are still able to deflect the course of international justice.

**The Plague
of
Malthusianism.**

Not all the earnestness and zeal and respectability of the organized advocates of artificial Birth Control in our midst can blind the Christian to the essential and grievous immorality of their doctrine. Many of the prominent members of the Mal-

thusian League are Free-thinkers, and are not capable of any but utilitarian considerations, but even on that ground their views are demonstrably fallacious. Dr. Sutherland's valuable book puts that beyond doubt. Rightly outraged by the evil results of our industrial civilization, these humanitarians seem to lay the whole responsibility on an alleged excess of population, forgetting the hundred other causes to which poverty and sickness, slums and sweating, selfishness and sensuality, should be attributed. There is a proper and natural birth control, brought about by restraint of passion, recognition of woman's rights, religious influences, ordinary human prudence, and resulting in mutual reverence, poles apart from the mutual abuse which the Malthusians advocate. They would cure one evil by a worse. There are remedies for over-crowding and house-congestion which should be the first concern of a sensible Government. The reform of industry, so long delayed, which shall result in humane conditions of employment, may well occupy the attention of those who love their fellow-men, and if the Malthusians will make that their aim we shall give them God-speed. But the Christian conscience must fight to the uttermost against their evil remedies, which ignoring God's laws ignore, too, the laws of human well-being, just as it fights against all attacks upon the sacredness of life, the integrity of marriage, the innocence of youth, the supreme worth of the soul, religious education and other holy causes, so grievously threatened in our days. On that account, we welcome the strong stand made by the English Church Union on June 12th at its annual meeting against the new Malthusianism, reiterating the outspoken condemnation made by the Lambeth Conference. We must meet zeal with zeal. The Malthusians are aiming at capturing the municipalities, and unless the rate-payers protest, their money will be used for this most immoral propaganda.

**Growth of the
C.T.S.**

In the month of May the C.T.S. enrolled 520 new members, the greatest monthly increase since the "forward movement" began, and there seems very good prospect that as the movement radiates more and more through the country its membership will grow very large indeed. This is most gratifying, for we have always felt that, next to the Sacraments and preaching, which is the official work of the Church, the spread of the C.T.S. is the very best means to spread and consolidate the faith in this country. The projected membership of 30,000 represents only about 5 per cent. of possible Catholic subscribers, but with 30,000 members the resources of the Society would be adequate to meet every demand made on them by the ministry of the written word. It must be remembered,

however, that increase of membership does not represent a growth in income equal to the subscriptions. It has been calculated that guinea members receive about 9s. in literature yearly and 10s. members about 3s. 6d., whilst the sums received from Branch members are about half those amounts. It is open, of course, to subscribers to waive their rights in this matter, a sacrifice which greatly benefits the Society without greatly incommoding the subscriber, who can procure the literature he wants at the church door, and it is to be hoped that this course will be largely adopted. Otherwise, since the present maximum edition of a pamphlet is 10,000, the time may come when subscribers will absorb the whole edition, and necessitate more being printed for the general public. There will still be room, therefore, however great the membership, for donations and legacies to help on this most apostolic work. The recent great extension of operations in London, which is being followed up by development of Branches elsewhere, has not been accompanied by any great increase in output, the available funds for which are further handicapped by the necessity of making up the lee-way occasioned by the war. Consequently, a most acceptable form of donation is the subsidising of pamphlets. It is a work of zeal comparable to the endowment of a chantry in olden days, a sure way of amassing treasure in Heaven.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Ignatius, St., of Antioch : His Witness to Christian Doctrine [J. J. MacNamee in *Irish Theological Quarterly*, April, 1922, p. 140].

Mass, Short instruction on, for Children [*The Sower*, June, 1922].

Reserved Cases under the New Code [Rev. R. King in *Ecclesiastical Review*, June, 1922, p. 558].

Resurrection of the Body : The Witness of Reason [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, June, 1922, p. 123].

Scripture, The Evidence of Holy [C. Lattey, S.J. in *Catholic World*, June, 1922, p. 359].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anti-Clericalism not a product of Catholic Society ["Verax" (against H. Belloc) in *Catholic Times*, June 17, 1922, p. 5].

Authority, How it works in the True Church [H. E. Calnan, D.D. in *Catholic World*, June, 1922, p. 289].

Bigotry of Lady Astor exposed [*Catholic Mind*, June 22, 1922, p. 231].

Cecil, Lord Hugh, abets Orange bigotry [Canon W. Barry in *Catholic Times*, June 3, 1922, p. 7].

Skrbensky, Vindication of Cardinal [A. H. Atteridge in *America*, June 10, 1922, p. 178].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Catholic Capitalist against Jewish Finance: Henry Ford and the American Jews [J. Boubée in *Etudes*, June 20, 1922, p. 728].

Catholic Lending Libraries [M. A. MacInerney, O.P., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, June, 1922, p. 561].

Catholic Young Men's Association, Criticism of its Status and Methods [*Catholic Times*, June 17, 1922, p. 10].

Eucharistic Congress at Rome [M. d'Herbigny in *Etudes*, June 20, 1922, p. 706].

Labour Peace possible only on ethical basis [*Christian Democrat*, July, 1922, p. 1].

Oberammergau, The Meaning of: the Passion Play [J. C. Reville, S.J., in *America*, June 10, 1922, p. 177].

Propagation of Faith, Centenary of [A. H. Atteridge in *Catholic Times*, June 17, 1922, p. 5].

Zionism ; Cardinal Bourne's criticism of the British Mandate and defence of the Holy See [*Universe*, June 30, 1922, p. 9].

REVIEWS

I—A NEW BOOK ON ST. JANE FRANCES¹

AFTER reading a few pages of this book, the reviewer's sub-conscious mind stirred in its sleep and recalled a certain cornfield in southern Brittany, beside a steep, white road, and below a little hamlet that had grown up round the church; a field where "saint sang" trefoil flooded the roots of the standing corn, and continual bees hung about the hedges, ecstatic with meadowsweet and the rosemary of a neighbouring garden.

In vain the remembrance was put away as something entirely irrelevant, an interruption of the critical reading of the book. It presented itself persistently, refusing the somewhat Eddy-istic explanation that there was no such thing as any connection between a Breton summer and the letters of a saint. It was importunate, and finally the reviewer had to descend to it. In page after page, it occurred like the illuminations in a Book of Hours. In fact, that is possibly the real explanation of it, for anyone may reasonably ask what the Little Office of Our Lady has in common with its encircling picture-garden of strawberries and chaffinches, harebells and small roses, stiffly-sweet. If you reply that they have nothing in common, your sub-conscious mind or your faith-instructed conscience will indignantly disagree. And rightly so. The greatest Moral Philosophy in the world is illustrated with little pictures of lilies and sparrows, meadow-grass, cornfields and vineyards, which were nothing less than parables of the spirit of their Author.

And so, perhaps, a Breton summer is the parable of the spirit of St. Chantal.

This endeavour to extract its essence forms an extraordinary book. The critical mind remarks that it is domestic and devoid of interesting events. It contains nothing whatever to whet the *blasé* appetite of the hardened autobiography-taster. It is maddeningly allusive when it might be expected to give the details of some dramatic period in the hidden history of the saints, especially when it touches on

¹ *The Spirit of St. Jane Frances de Chantal as shown by her Letters.* Translated by Sisters of the Visitation. London: Longmans. Pp. xvi. 466. Price, 21s. net.

the relations between the Abbess of Port Royal, St. Chantal and St. Francis of Sales. In place of the half-light of sentiment, there is an almost unbroken noonday of praise, of which the Breton summer is an exact illustration. Wheat for carefully-sown virtues, ripening beneath the sun; *trefoil incarnat* for the thousand-fold acts of self-sacrifice at their roots; and are not bees the chosen emblem of the Church for the virgin souls, *apes argumentosae*, whose work is to be busy among the delights of Divine Love, inebriated with that sweetness they taste and see?

It is not a mere interesting book: it is supernaturally attractive. The atmosphere is unmistakable. The family trait of abandonment ^{16/} God is strongly marked throughout, and the saintly Bishop of Geneva has left his peace with his daughters. But most of all, that particular fervent patience, which characterizes the saints of the Sacred Heart, is remarkable. It seems that St. Chantal unconsciously entered into possession of that Dowry above rubies which one of her daughters was to bring to the Order—the revelations of the Divine Heart.

Her letters are still warm from her prayer. "My dearest," "My true dearest daughter," "My darling," she calls her nuns. "Truly," she says, "I feel lighthearted, and nothing, thank God, afflicts me, for I will whatever God wills." Mistress of many houses, she has a genius for management because she "loves much." Psychologically, her letters might be studied to great advantage, for she can scold so straightly and yet only a very perverse pride would be angry, and, what is even more difficult, she can write passages which would grace a love-letter, without any effect of womanish sentiment. She is superbly natural.

But, in her letters to her own relations and children, there is sometimes a touch of restraint. Then one sees how completely she had left all to follow our Lord. Her own people had become stranger than strangers: a hard saying until we remember how dear strangers and "pilgrim souls" actually were to her motherly heart. To such she gives all the love of God that is in her, and her own love as well; but to her own kith and kin, one feels that she writes with her hand on her heart, lest that impetuous heart should love them by itself, selfishly, and forget to love them better with Divine Love.

It may be said with all truth that the book owes much

to the really perfect translation. Never once has the reviewer stumbled on a passage or a phrase which seems uncomfortable in the English language. The daughters of St. Chantal have certainly achieved a corporal work of mercy when they clothed her spirit in this almost Elizabethan English. We would recommend the book to all who are interested in the difficult art of translation. Let them notice how much freedom is given to little characteristic turns of phrase, and how scribbled notes are not stiffened into as sedate a rendering as letters which have been carefully composed.

Of the two pictures of St. Chantal, that of "Madame la Baronne Frémiot de Chantal" is the one that best reveals her personality. The eyes are tender and watchful, the nose is sensitive, and the mouth is finely sensuous as the mouth of an artist. The hands are well made and capable, but still artistic, with their tapering fingers.

Looking at this portrait, one can discern the character of this valiant woman. One can understand how she preferred, as her letters show that she did prefer, a postulant full of faults who was willing to conquer herself, to one who was naturally pious, but obstinate and self-opinionated. She expected that flexibility of will which obeyed gracefully. To her, this was the essential virtue of a Religious, and obedience to the Divine Will and to the will of superiors was the first and last lesson she taught.

It should be repeated: this book is not of ordinary interest. Those who buy it and expect to be, shall we say "spiritually amused," will be disappointed in it. Like the Visitation itself, it is rather a "garden enclosed,"—Mary's hidden meadow where wild flowers may be sought and found. There is nothing to catch the eye. The reader must be on the look out for that which humility makes small and retiring, the glorious virtue of St. Chantal and her daughters.

We specially recommend it as reading for those in interior suffering. It is a costly book, but stoutly bound in blue cloth, and printed clearly on good paper. It would be a valuable asset to any convent library, and very suitable for reading in the refectory. In short, the nuns of the Visitation, Harrow, will deserve to have their names written in many Books of Benefactors. They will surely have been the cause of countless interior graces to those who are privileged to read these letters of their holy Foundress.

2—MONASTIC LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES¹

THESE fourteen essays were well worthy of being published in book form. All are redolent of a certain charming Benédictine peace, and all sparkle with light thrown by the historian's genius, which instinctively appreciates the values of past events, not in themselves only, but as indications of life and movement which are unknown to or unappreciated by ordinary readers. Hence it comes, we think, that the Cardinal is most felicitous in treating quite simple themes, as "The making of St. Alban's Shrine," "A pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1506," and John Twyne's excellent recollections of John Essex, or Vokes, last Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury. *A Sketch of Monastic Constitutional History* should surely have been placed first, for it treats the very heart of the other pieces with great precision and broad handling of details.

The paper on the almost unknown relations between "Great Britain and the Holy See during the Napoleonic Wars" has been but lately introduced to our readers. But we are glad to have it included with the rest. It is an excellent introduction to the more modern phases of Anglo-Roman Church history.

The happy current of the great Benedictine's historical *causeries* is sometimes diversified by didactic and even controversial passages, over which we do not pass quite so smoothly. We find ourselves wondering whether these more thorny subjects have received quite all of those repeated revisions which they notoriously require. Misprints and mis-copyings make one uneasy in such circumstances; and yet we find not a few. What seems even more surprising is the venerable author's want of regard for the opinions, whether of Catholics or of Protestants, which differ from his own. Take, for instance, the Donation of Adrian IV. A popular conspectus of recent opinions, Protestant and Catholic, is now easily accessible in *The Catholic Encyclopædia*, and they differ widely from those here propounded. But this essay runs just as it did forty years ago, oblivious of the work of all subsequent scholars, and without even further search for the important Roman documents, the absence of which

¹ By Cardinal Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. London: Bell. Pp. 342. Price, 8s. 6d. net. 1922.

is passed over, at p. 165, just as before, with what sounds like a mere evasion, made by Theiner in 1855. *Noblesse oblige*. We cannot pretend to overlook these shortcomings, but we must beware of exaggerating them. They are, after all, only the usual defects of the great qualities which we rightly began by admiring.

3—PROOF OF MIRACLES¹

IN Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *Magic*, a conjurer, who is also a magician, is asked by a clergyman for the explanation of an astonishing occurrence which might have been caused either by natural or by supernatural forces. The conjurer refuses to tell the clergyman the possible natural explanation, lest he should doubt the supernatural means whereby the occurrence was actually caused. That is a profound truth. There are many minds which will always accept the natural, meaning that which they *think* they can explain, and will deny the supernatural or that which they cannot explain. This mental attitude leads to ludicrous conclusions, even in the mind of a brilliant sceptic such as Anatole France, who has declared that, if he saw an amputated limb renew itself, "he would not say, 'Here is a miracle.' He would say, an observation, as yet unique, would seem to show that under certain circumstances, as yet not clearly known, the tissues of a human leg have the property of reconstructing themselves, as happens with the claws of lobsters, the limbs of crayfish, and the tails of lizards, but much more rapidly." Poor old humanity! Intellectual pride is a sin most abhorrent to the Angels, but surely at times they must laugh.

Although every Catholic, and indeed every Christian, is well aware of the reality of the greatest miracles, namely, spiritual miracles, whereby, by the grace of God, the whole course of a life may be changed, it is well that evidence of the miraculous cure of diseases, even at the present time, should be widely known, and therefore we were prepared to welcome the book under review. It is regrettable that its value as propaganda is seriously discounted by the palpable errors

¹ *Medical Proof of the Miraculous*. A Clinical Study by E. Le Bec. Translated from the French by Dom H. E. Izard, O.S.B., L.R.C.S., M.R.C.P. With an Introduction by Ernest E. Ware, M.D., M.R.C.S. London: Harding and More, Ltd., The Ambrosden Press, 119, High Holborn, W.C. 1. Price, 6s. net.

contained in Part I. For example, on p. 40, the following statement occurs: "The marvellous discoveries of Pasteur have taught us that the digestive ferments are formed in the glands of the stomach and of the intestine under the influence of bacteria. . . ." Now, the marvellous discoveries concerning gastric digestion were made by Pawlow, who showed that the secretion of digestive ferments is under the control of the nervous system. These ferments are not formed under the influence of bacteria. A long chapter is entitled "Physiology of the Supernatural," a singularly unfortunate title. Be that as it may, before a man writes about the physiology of the supernatural, we have a right to expect that he should have an accurate knowledge of ordinary physiology. In his Introduction, Dr. Ernest E. Ware states that ". . . all may not assent to certain of the biological and pathological statements made by the author . . ." That is putting it mildly. Although the book was written with the best intention in the world, these comments are necessary because the blunders in Part I. may be used by non-Catholic medical readers to discredit the excellent material in Part II.

In Part II. there is a full and detailed account of twelve miraculous cures at Lourdes. In these cases, ranging from cancer to tuberculosis, Dr. Le Bec has rightly insisted on the Time Factor, as the brevity of the time in which the cures were effected is proof of their miraculous nature. Anyone who reads these cases must admit that, if they had been brought forward as proof of the value of some new therapeutic or dietetic treatment, they would be accepted by ninety-nine out of every hundred readers. The cases are illustrated by photographs and radiographs.

The Rev. L. Patterson having taken some exception to our review of his book on *Mithraism and Christianity* in our May number, a review which he acknowledges to contain "frank and on the whole fair criticism," our reviewer begs to explain his position as follows:

"We were at pains to indicate that this book might have been still more valuable had it emphasized that the topics which seem to afford ground for comparison between Mithraism and Christianity really give, if anything, matter for

contrast; and that what we know for certain about Mithraism is very much less than is usually suggested. A certain over-emphasis is here not illegitimate, since Mr. Patterson's book is (1) popular, (2) apologetic; and popular imagination, in these points, has to be not only instructed but corrected. M. Cumont is a careful writer; but his followers are not always so; and few read his evidential notes compared to those who read his generalizations. Imagination is too much struck, for example, by the hypothesis that the Mithraic chalice contained wine as well as water, for a writer not to point out that this is a mere hypothesis. We did not, of course, suggest that Mr. Patterson wilfully joined the tribe of those who take pleasure in sensational 'parallels,' or maintained the theosophic thesis of a unique origin for all cults alike. Mr. Patterson, indeed, made quite clear that Mithra was 'mediator' between Ormuzd and Ahriman, if between anybody, and probably only in a physical sense. In that case, we should have wished some other word than the imagination-coloured *mediator* used. So, too, he now admits that the Persian expression translated by so many, *word*, really is so unlike the Philonic or Johannine uses of *logos*, that it would be better not to employ 'word' at all. It is apparently used in the Zend-Avesta, writes Mr. Patterson, in connection with 'an extreme form of Bibliolatry.'

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

WE welcome another booklet from P. Louis Rouzic (Lethielleux: 2.30 fr.). It is entitled *L'Elite*. It is another of his carefully written, attractive series. The vigour and the logical treatment of so inspiring a subject should rouse its readers to desire most ardently to be among "the chosen."

DEVOTIONAL.

Sic Orabit, translated by M. Mazayer from the Italian of Mgr. Morganti, Archbishop of Ravenna (Lethielleux: 8.00 fr.), is a most comprehensive prayer-book for priests. Containing, as it does, such a plentiful store of subjects for prayer, it would save a busy priest much trouble in the preparation of his meditation. Holy Scripture is the mortar between all the thoughts and aspirations that go to make up this "interior cell," where we hope many a priest will find rest in the "heat of the day."

Mgr. J. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons, finds time amidst the duties of

his high office to attend particularly to the lambs of his flock, and a series of volumes from his pen addressed to the young still at school testify to the extent and minuteness of his care. **La Parole de l'Évangile au College** (Téqui: 5.25 fr.), now in its fourth edition, is a collection of studies on the Gospel adapted to the needs and aspirations of youth, whilst **Le Christ de la Jeunesse** (Téqui: 3.00 fr.) depicts various aspects of the character of our Lord which make Him especially the friend of the young, and particularly their model. The **Figures Françaises et Pages Nationales** (Téqui: 6.00 fr.), by the same pious and eloquent author, has a wider range, being a series of discourses on the principal patrons of France or on occasions that recall her Catholicity.

Another prolific Episcopal writer, Mgr. Gibier, Bishop of Versailles, has made a profound study of the moral conditions of reconstruction, under the title of **Le Regne de la Conscience** (Téqui: 6.00 fr.), showing how the war disclosed and exaggerated what was unsound in public and private life, and how the rehabilitation of conscience as the interpreter of law and guide to good is essential. It is a masterly analysis, containing an unsparing diagnosis of the disease and a clear prescription of the remedy.

It is curious how well known are the works of St. Gertrude, and how comparatively little known are those of her mistress and "elder sister," St. Mechtilde. The third of the series, entitled **The Love of the Sacred Heart**, each of which is illustrated by the Life of a saint, brings this glorious Saint out of her temporary obscurity, and shows her clear right to a place beside St. Gertrude and St. Margaret Mary. The anonymous author left this book as a legacy to all who love the Sacred Heart. It was written during a long illness, and this has helped to make it what it is,—a "gospel" and a book of good comfort to the sad and weary. It has the magic of Juliana of Norwich. It is simple, passionate, tender. It is a fire for cold hearts and tired eyes. To read it is to feel what our Lord promised to St. Mechtilde about her "Book of Special Grace," of which this book contains so many extracts: "All those that seek Me therein with a true heart shall rejoice; those that love Me will be more inflamed with My love; and those in sorrow shall be consoled." It is therefore a great pity that Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne have had to publish it at six shillings. It is only a slim volume and simply printed. Many who would have bought it for half-a-crown or three-and-six will find six shillings a prohibitive price.

We extended a cordial welcome to the first edition of **Le Christ dans la Vie chrétienne, d'après Saint Paul**, by M. L'Abbé J. Duperray (Lyon: Librairie du Sacré-Cœur: 8 francs), in our February number, and we are much pleased to find that it has evidently met with some of the success it deserves. Various improvements have been made in this second edition; the work has been reduced to the more usual and more convenient format of French works of the kind, three indices have been added, and the whole has been revised. We feel sure that this little volume will prove an admirable introduction to St. Paul for all who can read French, if only they will take care to read the passages quoted both in text and context. This latter is of course an indispensable condition, and leads us to repeat our recommendation to keep by one when reading this book the third volume of the Westminster Version. The

knowledge of St. Paul thus gained will prove no mere speculative knowledge, but a powerful help in the spiritual life, through a better understanding of Our Blessed Lord and all that He should mean to us; all the more so, we need hardly say, if this volume and St. Paul's own text be read slowly and weighed well, with prayer and meditation thereupon.

BIOGRAPHY.

The author of **La Dernière Abbessé de Montmartre** (Lethielleux: 3.00 fr.), M. H. M. Delsart, laments that the biography of Marie-Louise des Montmorency-Laval was not written when, after the Terror, recourse might be had to the recollection of those who had known her or been her subjects. However, by dint of carefully collating all the evidence available he has produced a moving account of a devout and tragic figure, ruler of one of the great Benedictine houses in Paris at the time of the Revolution and a victim of its fury.

In the charming **Memoir of Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian** (Sands: 12s. 6d. net), which her granddaughter, Miss Cecil Kerr, its editor, describes as "the work of many hands," the reader will find much more than a sketch of a noble and gracious Catholic personality. The daughter of Earl Talbot and the wife of the seventh Marquess of Lothian illustrated in herself and her surroundings the effects of the Oxford Movement in high English and Scotch society, for she became a convert to Catholicism in 1851, and, after several interviews with "Mr. Manning," was received into the Church by Father Brownbill, S.J., in her forty-third year. She was then a widow with seven children, the five youngest of whom, as well as her brother-in-law and other members of her own family, also joined the Church. Although she necessarily came into contact with much that was noteworthy in society during her life of nearly 70 years (1808—1877), the memoir draws its chief interest from the development of her religious opinions, and the consequences in her entourage of the full and fervent acceptance of all the implications of her faith. She was an exemplary Catholic, full of zeal for good works, and brought up her younger children to be as zealous as herself. The book is adorned with excellent photographs of the chief persons concerned. She died at Rome in the last of her frequent pilgrimages *ad limina Apostolorum* in the presence of her son, Lord Henry Kerr, a brief account of whom fitly closes the memoir. It would have added to the book's interest for Catholics had a genealogical tree been inserted, showing how many of Lady Lothian's collaterals and descendants embraced the faith.

From the Bonne Presse, Paris, we have received the **Life of Père Etienne Pernet**, Founder of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, who nurse the sick in their own homes. Simply and brightly written, all those who know and love the Little Sisters will find it most interesting reading. The story of a hidden life such as this is always a mine of heavenly treasure.

HISTORICAL.

A large amount of study and research has gone to the production of **Arundel: Borough and Castle** (Stone: 21s.net), Dr. G. W. Eustace's

engrossing and complete record of one of England's most illustrious sites. The book is naturally dedicated to the Duchess of Norfolk, and the author, although taking the Protestant view of history, is as fair to Catholics as his prepossessions allow. Still they may justly complain that in this enlightened age the authority of such an antiquated historian as J. R. Green should be quoted as final on such disputed questions as the character and influence of the mediæval Papacy, and the influence of the monastic orders in England. If Dr. Eustace must go to Protestants for the interpretation of Catholic England let him discard Green and choose Gairdner. But apart from this blemish the book is worthy of its great theme. From an historical standpoint alone, it recalls some of the most remarkable characters in the development of the nations. Moreover, it is profusely illustrated with many reproductions of old prints and drawings. On all these counts it should find a far larger circle of readers than those personally interested in the beautiful Sussex town.

POETRY.

From St. Dominic's Press, Ditchling, Sussex, comes **Songs to Our Lady of Silence** (7s. 6d.). The spirit of the book is exemplified in the two beautiful lines:

Beside His perfect Speech Divine,
Shall stand the Perfect Silence, thine.

The verse is most tender and musical. The woodcuts are almost defiantly Byzantine, but good and vigorous. We like the plain rough ash-coloured binding, and admire the excellent paper. An admirable piece of craftsmanship.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An expert in semitic languages, Père Charles-F. Jean, Lazarist, was sent by the French Government to Turkey in 1921 on a scientific mission connected with Assyriology. Pending the publication of the results of that mission, the good Father has published his "*Journal de Voyage*"—**Ma Mission Scientifique en Orient** (Gabalda: Paris), which reveals how aptly religious zeal may be combined with scientific keenness. Whether at Constantinople or in Palestine or in Egypt, the *savant* was always alive to the religious significance of his surroundings and to opportunities of doing good: hence a pleasing mixture of edification and erudition.

To all homes where the Sacred Heart is enthroned and to all homes where the old Catholic ideals are proudly cherished, **The Home World** (Benziger: \$0.25 or (bound) \$1.25), by Father Francis X. Doyle, S.J., will be welcome. It is full of American homeliness and kindness, and is eminently a book for the chimney corner,—one which all the members of the family will take down and read. They will learn that true happiness lies in contentment, and that the home-lover has the best chance of being contented—an old-time doctrine not the worse for being studied through an up-to-date medium.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Recent issues of the **Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 cents) contain

(April 22nd) **Mission Work among Colored Catholics** and other papers on a burning topic in the United States; (May 8th) **The Church and the Family**; (May 22nd) **The Ideal of Labour and The Foundations of the Catechism**; (June 8th) **The Bible and Human Evolution**, a lively attack on the pseudo-scientists, **Catholics and Darwin**, by Professor Windle, and **Henry the Sixth**, by Mr. Chesterton, a valuable apology for a misunderstood King; (June 22nd) **Faith as exhibited in Milton and in Dante**, and a refutation of Lady Astor's statement that U.S.A. is a Protestant country, called **Our American Foundations**.

Two numbers (2 and 3) of an exceedingly useful compilation called **Les Œuvres catholiques de France**, by F. Veullot (Bloud et Gay: 1.00 fr.), have reached us, dealing respectively with "Œuvres d'action et de propagande" and "Œuvres de Jeunesse et de Patronage." Also the well-known and valuable **Almanach Catholique Français** (Bloud et Gay: 5.00 fr) for the current year.

Four new C.T.S. twopenny pamphlets call for notice: **The Immaculate Conception**, by J. B. Jaggard, S.J., which lucidly states and explains the dogma, and shows how it accords with reason, and then marshalls the evidence from Scripture, Tradition and Devotion in support of its truth; **The True Church Visibly One**, by the Rev. H. P. Russell, a paper from our pages which refutes the conception of an actually existent divided Church; **Why we resist Divorce**, by H. Thurston, S.J., explains (with statistics) that in addition to the law of God, Catholics can point to the fact that easier divorce means more widespread immorality, and defends the Church against the charge of laxity in granting nullity decrees; **Trumpeter's Rock**, by a Nun of Tyburn, a stirring story of persecution times. **Canterbury: a Guide for Catholics**, by the well-known authority, Father John Morris, S.J., is a reprint, revised, of a popular pamphlet. Father Martindale's **Words of Life**, instructions for converts, originally published by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne at 1s., has now been revised, and becomes one of the C.T.S. doctrinal series at 2d., which should give it a much wider circulation. A leaflet, called **The Church and the Religion of Christ** (price ½d.), puts the main claims of Catholicity in a striking fashion. Finally, it is at last possible to speak again of the Penny Catechism, for Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, as well as the C.T.S., are issuing at that price **A Catechism of Christian Doctrine**, revised in accordance with the New Code. Its publishers bid us look upon this as the forerunner of a number of other reductions in book prices, a most welcome announcement.

The Claver Almanack for the African Missions (Benedictine Priory, Princethorpe, Rugby: 1s.) is full of touching little stories of missionary experiences, which will make pleasant reading for those who have the means of helping this Apostolic work.

A pamphlet concerning the **Enthronement of the S.H. in the Home** has been issued for the instruction of priests, and may be obtained from the Rev. B. Caron, Priory of the Assumption, Victoria Park Square, E.C. 2.

Prefacing it by the statement that "Ireland has perhaps the most extensive, pernicious and ill-regulated Liquor Traffic in the world," the Very Rev. P. Coffey, of Maynooth, has written a pamphlet on **The Liquor Traffic in the New Ireland: proposals for legislative restriction** (C.T.S. of Ireland: 2d.). The author aims at a moderate reform, which

includes closing at least half the public-houses in Ireland. As the country with a smaller population has about 10,000 more such premises than Scotland, the proposal is not so drastic as it sounds.

From the firm of Pietro Marietti, via Legnano, Turin, may be obtained at low prices the various new **Masses** and **Offices** decreed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites in 1920 and 1921.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- AMERICA PRESS**, New York.
The Catholic Mind. Vol. XX. Nos. 10, 11, 12. Price, 5 c. each.
- ANGUS & ROBERTSON**, Sydney.
The Life of Archbishop J. J. Therry. By Rev. E. O'Brien. Pp. xx. 389. Price, 21s.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE**, London.
A Jesuit at the English Court. By Sister Mary Philip. Pp. viii. 264. Price, 6s. net. *The Love of the Sacred Heart*. Illustrated by St. Mechtilde. Pp. xiii. 169. Price, 6s. *Notre Mère*. By A. O'Riley. Pp. xvii. 380. Price, 7s. 6d. *Summa Theologica*. Part II. Edited by Dominican Fathers. Pp. vi. 337. Price, 12s. *Christian Spirituality*. By Père Pourrat. Pp. x. 312. Price, 10s. 6d. net.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY**, London.
Several Twopenny Pamphlets.
- ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS**, London.
The Life and Times of John Carroll. By Peter Guilday. Pp. xv. 864. Price, \$5.00 net.
- GILL & SON**, Dublin.
A Book for Altar-Servers. By Rev. E. J. Quigley. Pp. 71. Price, 2s. net.
- GRIFFITHS & Co.**, London.
Moses and the Law. By Fathers S.J. Pp. 110. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- LA BONNE PRESSE**, Paris.
Marie-Eustelle Harpain. By Canon L. Poivert. Pp. 262. Price, 5.50 fr. *L'Institution divine de l'Eglise*. By Abbé E. Duplessy. Pp. 78. Price, 75 c. *Romans Populaires*. Nos. 111, 112. Price, 60 c. each.
- LA REVUE DES JEUNES**, Paris.
Les Principes de la Théosophie. By Th. Mainage. Pp. 304. Price, 8.00 fr. *Conscience Chrétienne et Justice Sociale*. By M. S. Gillet, O.P. Pp. 462. Price, 10.00 fr.
- LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS**, Chicago.
De Verbo Incarnato, etc. By B. J. Otten, S.J. Pp. xiv. 470. Price, \$3.50.
- MARIETTI**, Turin.
Commentarium in Codicem Juris Canonici. Lib. II. By G. Cocchi, C.M. Pp. 334. Price, 8.00 fr.
- ST. DOMINIC'S PRESS**, Ditchling.
Songs to our Lady of Silence. Second Edit. Pp. 55. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- SANDS & Co.**, London.
Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian, Edited by Cecil Kerr. Illustrated. Pp. 244. Price, 12s. 6d. net. *Leaders of a Forlorn Hope*. By F. A. Forbes. Pp. 311. Price, 6s. net. *The House called Joyous Gard*. By Leslie Moore. Pp. 251. Price, 7s. net. *Why God became Man*. By Leslie J. Walker, S.J. Pp. 180. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *A Simple Life of Jesus*. By S. N. D. Pp. 89. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- S.P.C.K.**, London.
Church Unity. (Pamphlet.) *Hymns of the Greek Church*. Translated by Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A. Pp. 40. Price, 2s. net. *Lectures on Preaching*. By P. B. Bull, M.A. Pp. xiii. 328. Price, 8s. 6d. net.

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